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Truly Western

Matador Ranch

I have just read the August issue of *True West* with the article, "Mystery of Wolf Creek Point" by Joe Smith. I was surprised and gratified to find my dad, Earl Briscoe, involved in this story.

I was born there, exactly sixty-one years ago, July 17, 1915 at the old Matador's Rustler Camp, so I was one year old at the time of this mystery. My sister, Bessie Bell Lebow of Clovis, New Mexico, was three years old. We transferred from Rustler Camp to the Payne place which is in the cedar brakes country between Matador and Paducah. This was the biggest and busiest of the Matador's range camps and my younger brother John of Matador was born there.

In the spring of 1919 we transferred to Ranch Headquarters at Matador where my dad was to manage the horse production division, and he died that winter in a flu epidemic. Four years later my mother married Doug Meador, another ex-cowboy from the Matador Ranch who was famous for his roping ability.

We—all of us—grew up there in Matador where my step-dad owned and operated a meat market business, feed lot, slaughterhouse and all. But we never lost touch with the activities of the Matador Ranch. Mama always gave them a "start" of sourdough at the beginning of every roundup. John and I would follow them as long as we could and eat with them at the chuckwagons. We grew up swimming in their stock tanks, hauling dead wood from their pastures, and hunting quail along their creek bottoms. The range riders always managed to look the other way, knowing that we were taught to respect their property.

I moved to Plainview after World War II, after my step-dad died in January 1947. My mother died in 1961. So time goes by and I have been operating meat markets since highschool days—forty-one years less two years in the service. I have a wife, Alene; a daughter, Earlene, in Lubbock; and a son Doug, in Idaho.

Thanks for a nice story and a nice reminder of times gone by long years ago. —William Earl (Bill) Briscoe, 1412 W. 14th Street, Plainview, Texas 79072

Through Hell n' High Fences

Reading the letters to Western Publications brings back memories of the last third of our country's two hundred years. The changes in that sixty- to seventy-year period are hard to believe. For instance, the rainy night I was born, Dr. Thomas of the Frosa community (in Texas), drove through the storm to our house by horse and buggy. In some lowlands about a half-mile west of Frosa, the water was so high he had to lift his black medicine satchel off the floorboards to keep it from floating away.

Several years ago, I visited the flat where Dr. Thomas rescued his pill bag, and it was more barren than the rainy night I came into the world. As I walked slowly over the area that had been my home, nostalgia for my towheaded, barefoot days flooded my memory.

My birthplace was Riley Ranch, a primitive sort of factory for cotton, cattle and feed in Limestone County, Texas. The same county where Comanches raided Fort Parker in 1836 and carried off Cynthia Ann Parker, who later became Quanah Parker's mother. Riley Ranch was located about fifteen miles west of old Fort Parker in a triangle between Frosa, Mustang and Dale schools, none of which remains today. The roads were narrow one-lane affairs, hemmed in by "bobbed" wire fences that followed the boundaries of square pastures and fields. Only years later did farmers grant the county right of way to cut those corners and make curves. The new fangled Model "Ts" were considered a curse from the devil, and sometimes unusual means were applied to discourage their use. One of our neighbors built a ridge of dirt across the road to cover a small bridge in front of his house. It would break automobile springs if driven over at fifteen miles or more per hour. This same farmer worked his family five days a week in the fall picking cotton, but would let them "rest" on Saturday by pulling corn. But the mother of that family could bake cinnamon sugar pies that were out of this world, I know, because I would swap for them at school!

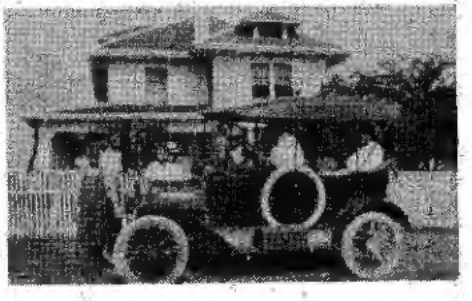
Our part of the county was black land and would turn to thick gumbo mud at certain soggy levels. Mudholes were usually located on each side of narrow wooden bridges in the valleys. One time my younger brother, Max, and I were riding a fast little Spanish mare home from school and hit one of those mudholes going all out. When Daisy, the mare, hit the mud her front feet stuck and we blasted into orbit from a king-size somersault. Max and I were thrown clear across the mudhole, and when we staggered up, I saw an expression on that little mare's face I never saw on an animal's face before. I swear it was the most embarrassed look you could imagine. She just stood there humble-like so we could get back on, and she took a more leisurely gait home.

Before tractors became the big thing, we had about thirty mules, and had signs in the harness room over their gear to keep order. I can't remember the roll call, but do remember some would ride and some would not. You soon found out the hard way which ones wouldn't. I know ol' Kit and Goodeye would pace like a rocking chair, but you just try to mount Coalie or Red!

We had a big paint horse that wasn't much account chousing cattle, but he could burn the breeze on the straightaway. One Sunday afternoon, Dean, a neighbor boy, came over to ride Paint. When Dean rode away from the corral they were traveling fast, but when Paint turned and started home for the feed trough he took the bit in his teeth and became another Man of War. Coming in on the home stretch I tried to flag him down but had to jump to save my own neck, then just stand there and watch in awe as Dean and Paint crashed through a high board fence and right on into the barn stall. Feeling kinda sick, I went into the debris and found them; neither was badly hurt, but one of Dean's shoulders hung a bit lower for a while. Ol' Paint stayed just as crazy as ever. Have to give Dean credit though, he rode that horse clean through hell and high fences!

That reminds me of when I tied the calf rope around my waist. Daddy was milking and I was holding the calf away from his dinner, when suddenly that little critter bolted across the cowpen with me in tow. He jerked me off my feet, and I started getting the full benefit of cowpile after cowpile. Daddy, not realizing he had raised a complete idiot, kept hollering, "Turn him loose, turn him loose!" It took me a spell to untie the rope—in the meantime, I was baptized in about the most unholy manner you can imagine. Well, my old bones are starting to ache again, just thinking about it. I'd better go find some Watkin's liniment.—Roy F. Carpenter, 1817 Pulliam, San Angelo, Texas 76901

Visiting grandfather. John H. Carpenter of Plano, Texas, in their model "T". Circa 1915. Seated at the front seat is Roy's dad. Robert W. Carpenter.



Alibates Monument

Joe H. Smith gave us a mighty good story in the June, 1976 *True West*, "Life Along the Canadian." What Joe didn't

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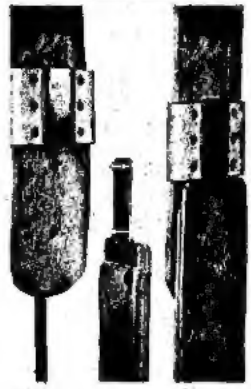

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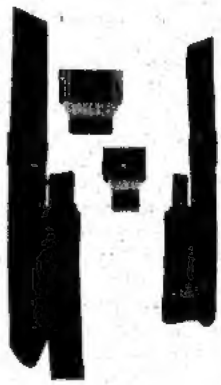

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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Rader Roberts
"How Many More?"

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True West

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UNCLE JIM -- WATER WITCHER

THE MIDWAY community, in Burleson County, Texas, didn't turn out a great many famous people. Come to think of it, I never heard of anybody from our community being in Who's Who. We didn't even spawn a President. However, the ranchers, farmers and truck-growers in our community were not disdainful of any degree of fame that might fall their way. There was a great deal of diversified talent in the few square miles that we called our world and it ran from one of the nation's most proficient cussers to the champion tall tale teller of the Western Hemisphere. Our people were not show-offs but when they set out to execute their God-given talents you could expect the very best. Fame was a fleeting thing in those days and a body held on tightly to anything that might point in that direction.

I had an uncle who could find water with nothing more than a forked peach tree limb in his bare hands. His prowess at this notable feat grew to such proportions that I believe he was even called clear out of the county one time to find water for a dry rancher. Nobody else we knew could find water by any other method than trial and error. Now that I think back upon it, it seems strange that nobody questioned Uncle Jim's ability to find water. Nobody but me, that is.

It looked to me like people were taking Uncle Jim too much for granted. I hadn't grown up enough to realize that in those days people had a simple but strong faith in certain things and they didn't take time out from making a living to do much figuring on why they had this faith nor did they attach any particular magical powers to the person who performed such a miracle. When I asked Uncle Jim why he could find water by walking around over the ground with a forked limb in his hands, he replied simply that some people could but most people couldn't. That was the end of that particular conversation.

I'LL NEVER forget the day Papa asked Uncle Jim to come over and find a new vein of water for us. The old well had about dried up; we could see things floating around down there and after Mama drew up a bucket of water with a dead rat in it things went downhill in a hurry.

The first thing Uncle Jim did when he got there was to walk out to the peach orchard to look over the crop of forked limbs. He took his time finding just the right one because a man didn't take this kind of a job lightly and he didn't do it with the first forked limb he ran across. A person either did a thing with authority or he didn't do it at all. The forks had to be green and supple so they could turn in your hands when that four-inch remainder of the parent limb started toward the ground. I kept on asking questions as polite as I could think of under the circumstances but Uncle Jim didn't pay me any attention. His mind was on the proper equipment for the job he was about to perform and he didn't take any truck in trying to satisfy the curiosity of a fool kid. I couldn't help but be impressed by the utter confidence of his mannerisms. He might have looked at you with a blind stare if you had asked what he thought about the future of the stock market, but when he gripped the forks of a supple peach tree limb in his hands, he was the very pillar of confidence. Uncle Jim knew he was going to find water—and he did. I will never forget the way he accomplished this memorable feat.

As I said, he was plenty finicky about his equipment. He looked over each forked limb carefully, measuring it for size, length and a lot of things we weren't even supposed to know about. When the right one was found, Uncle Jim trimmed and cut it to his taste and asked Papa in a matter of fact tone where did he want the well. Papa said it didn't make much difference other than he would like it as close to the house as possible on account of we had to tote the water by hand, and it might be a good idea, too, not to have it close to the horse lot and cowpen.

FOR A TRIAL RUN, Uncle Jim gripped the limbs tightly in his hands. He held his arms elbow length from his body, his hands turned upward, and he walked along at a slow pace, looking at the ground ahead of him. He seemed not to pay any attention to the stick itself. He was a study in concentration.

Uncle John and Mr. Kornegay had come over to watch and we were all very quiet without even being told. It just seemed appropriate that this kind of work should be performed in complete silence and any noise should be left up to the person who was about to find water in a parched land.

When Uncle Jim reached a spot parallel with the nearly-dry stream of the old well, the top of that Y started down as sure as you're born! I started getting excited. I watched closely. I was trying to see if Uncle Jim was manipulating those limb forks in any way that would cause the top of the thing to start turning down. I couldn't tell one way or the other. When the point of that limb came from up to down, Uncle Jim paused briefly and that stick *stayed* pointed down. The effect on me was electrifying. I wanted to holler out something but it was no time for making a racket. Then he walked on and the peach limb slowly rose. He repeated the performance on the other side of the well and now he was ready for virgin territory.

Uncle Jim did a good bit of walking before he sensed water again. He worked the vein out thoroughly but discarded it with a gruff, "Don't think it's strong enough."

When he finally found what he wanted Uncle Jim scratched on X on the bare ground, said, "Here is your water," as calmly as if he was asking you to pass the cornbread, and that's all there was to it.

Papa marked the point by driving a stob in the ground and the men sat down in the shade of the three big oak tree cluster to talk a while before dispersing.

"Uncle Jim," I said, "I just don't see how you do it!"

He looked at me and laughed for the first time. I think he could tell he had found his first doubter and it wasn't a thing to pass over lightly. He rose, picked up the forked stick and showed me exactly how to grasp it in my hands. Then he got behind me and held my hands in his with about half of his gnarled palms extending out onto the limbs. We started walking toward the spot where he found water. I was sure 'nuff excited now. It wasn't that I completely doubted my uncle's ability to find water in this manner—I was just glad and excited that he thought enough of me to show me how it was done.

AS WE neared the stick Papa had driven into the ground I gripped

(Continued on page 32)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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SCHAEFER: NATURALIST

To most Western readers, Jack Schaefer is a classical writer in diversified fields. His latest, *An American Bestiary, Notes of an Amateur Naturalist* (Houghton Mifflin Company, $10.00) has beautiful chapters on the javelina, our American pig; the pronghorn; puma; ringtail; long-nose bat; armadillo; shrew; blacktail jackrabbit; oppossum; gopher; porcupine; kangaroo rat; and mice. At first, readers may take his claim to be an amateur naturalist too seriously, for actually he is an informed writer and student of natural history. Also his use of scientific names of animals may scare some lay readers until they nose into the text which they will find charming and understandable. We found all chapters philosophical and informative but the one on the ringed-necked javelina or peccary, our own southwestern American pig is a captivator. Used as a food by Indians and hungry Anglos and Mexicans, these ferocious little hogs live on numerous roots, leaves, fruits, seeds, nuts, insects, snakes, and other foods available in the arid and semi-arid Southwest. They often run in family groups and we remember watching a mother and piglets and other assorted sizes charge us after a tractor chaining operation in Texas left them without their protective brush cover. We ventured too near to the javelinas but remained close enough to our car to escape the vicious fangs of the mother and an enraged boar. We recommend Jack's nice book on wild animals.

WEBB: HISTORIAN

Anyone familiar with Texas history has more than likely heard of the late Walter Prescott Webb. His name is well known in historical circles around the world as one of the best interpreters of the American West. Webb was a University of Texas history professor until his death in an auto accident in 1963. And he is the subject of a probing book by Gregory M. Tobin, an Australian. *The Making of a History: Walter Prescott Webb and the Great Plains* (University of Texas Press, Austin, $10.95) is an examination of Webb's life, especially how it molded his outlook as an historian, resulting in the publication in 1931 of *The Great Plains*. Tobin has not produced a full-blown biography of Webb. That book is still to be written. This effort is actually Tobin's thesis produced in 1972 at the University of Texas. But unlike many such scholarly efforts that are forever lost in university libraries (the late Frank J. Dobie, a close friend of Webb, once labeled many of them as nothing more than bones dug up in one grave and placed in another), this book will undoubtedy become a standard reference on Webb. This 184-page book has ten chapters plus epilogue, notes, a good bibliography and index. The writing drags in a few spots but the substance and the writer's style elsewhere more than make up for any negative aspects. Recommended.

THUNDER IN THE ROCKIES

This reviewer well remembers the large colored splash of headlines on the front pages of the Denver *Post* during its last years, as a lingering example of yellow journalism under the management of one of its founders, the flamboyant Frederick Bonfils, a native of Missouri and son of Corsican parents. Gene Fowler wrote an electrifying folklore story of the *Post's* early history—*Timberline* (1933) which was fascinating gossip though much of it proved to be embellished hearsay. The new book, *Thunder in the Rockies, The Incredible Denver Post*, (William Morrow and Company, $12.95) by Bill Rosokawa reviews the paper's early history but also presents the new profile after it was developed into one of the nation's progressive newspapers under the management of Palmer Hoyt. The Denver *Post* had its unique beginning in 1895 under the partnership of a kindly German Denver bartender, Harry Tammen (publisher of the *Great Divide*, a small promotion sheet) and mercurial, handsome Harry G. Bonfils, Kansas lottery operator. After a shaky start, the paper made millionaires of both men. Most of the scandals reported by Fowler have been tamed down or proved doubtful or erroneous. The author was given open sesame to *Post* files for research purposes and none of the editors or managers reviewed the material until the book was published. This is a whopping big book full of entertaining facts about one of our great American newspapers. Rosokawa adds a lot of detail about the lives of the Bonfils daughters. The old man dominated his wife and daughters as he did his hired help. May, the eldest, eloped and married a poor boy. Bonfils turned her out to grass on short rations, claiming the boy married May for her money. This appeared to be true. Helen, the youngest, used more finesse and never openly defied her father who left her a large fortune in his will. She married a Broadway theatre producer and became a performer of considerable acclaim. The author has worked on the *Post* since 1948 and his book proves him to be an able writer. Highly Recommended.

WESTERN POET

Macleod Selected Poems (Ahsahta Press, Boise, Idaho, $2.00) by Norman Wickland Macleod has the crackle of *le mot juste* of good snappy poetry. Born in Salem, Oregon in 1906, the poet teaches in Pembroke State University, North Carolina. Noted for his leadership in poetry circles in the U. S. and Europe, the author has made renowned contributions in this form of literature, one of the best being "Adam's Off Ox." He has lived in the Rocky Mountain West, Southwest, Europe and East Coast which have provided most of the sources of material for his brief poems, and these carry a brisk message about the environments he has known. Very good for lovers of poetry.

ALCAN TALES

Crooked Road, The Story of the Alaska Highway (McGraw-Hill Book Company, $10.95) by David A. Remly, takes its place along with histories of other thoroughfares that helped populate and build the American West. This newest one runs northwest from Dawson Creek, Canada for over 1,500 miles across icy streams, through forests and tundra and muskeg to Fairbanks, Alaska on the Tanana River. Authorized on February 11, 1942 by President Roosevelt, the U. S. Army Engineers completed the project in 1943 to give the United States, Canada and Alaska a source of defense against common enemies. The project was developed harmoniously with the Canadian Government. A member of the University of New Mexico History Department, Remly collected data on the construction of the Alcan Highway over a period of years before developing the book. An interesting feature is a vast amount of oral history assembled from dictaphone statements from those who lived along the highway, who operated equipment to build it, or ran service stations and food shops along the route before, during and after completion. The road is open to traffic year around, and summer travel is enormous. One trucker related an odd adventure after picking up an Indian woman at a road stop. Once she frantically asked him to stop. He did so and waited while she entered brush along the road. Shortly she returned carrying a new-born baby wrapped in her parka.

HELPFUL GUIDE

Anyone wishing to write about his own life, family, town or state but doesn't know how, can learn how to approach these and other types of historical writing by buying and studying *A Guide to Writing History* (Writer's Digest, $8.50) by Doris Ricker Marston. A commercial writer for 35 years, the author has several thousand published articles of which 500 have been

(Continued on page 61)

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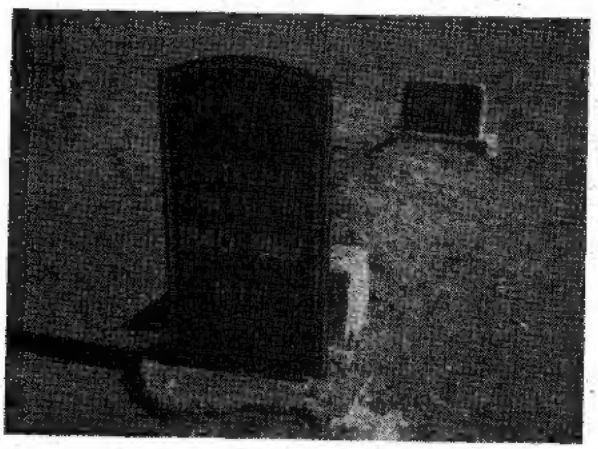
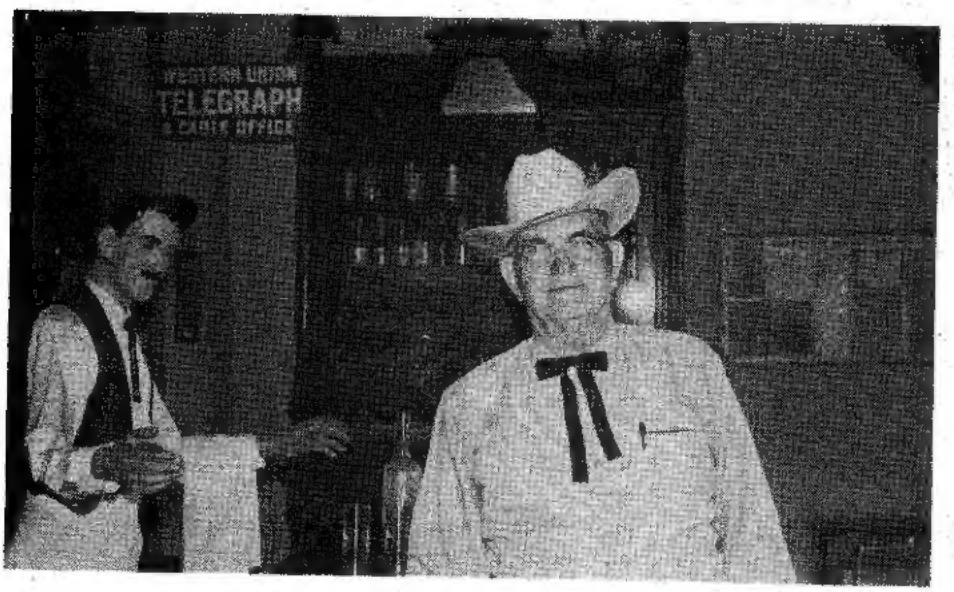


Above: Allison's original gravesite. Below: Barney Hubbs in the old saloon at the Pecos Museum.



Sometimes a man's best friend can come along a generation or so behind him -- and when that happens, it takes more than six feet of dirt to keep them from siding each other

BY STAN REDDING

Reprinted from the Houston Chronicle

Photos Courtesy Barney Hubbs

THERE was an odd kind of funeral held on Oak Street in downtown Pecos, Texas last spring. The man buried was Clay Allison, a noted Texas cattleman, trail driver and devoted family man who was killed in a wagon mishap north of Pecos on July 3, 1887.

Barney Hubbs was not present for the funeral, which was actually a reburial, and that's a downright shame if not an outrage to Texas history.

For Barney Hubbs, "Mr. Pecos" to West Texans, is the best friend Clay Allison ever had in death.

Allison occupies an unsavory niche in the annals of the Southwest. Most historians and writers of frontier life por-

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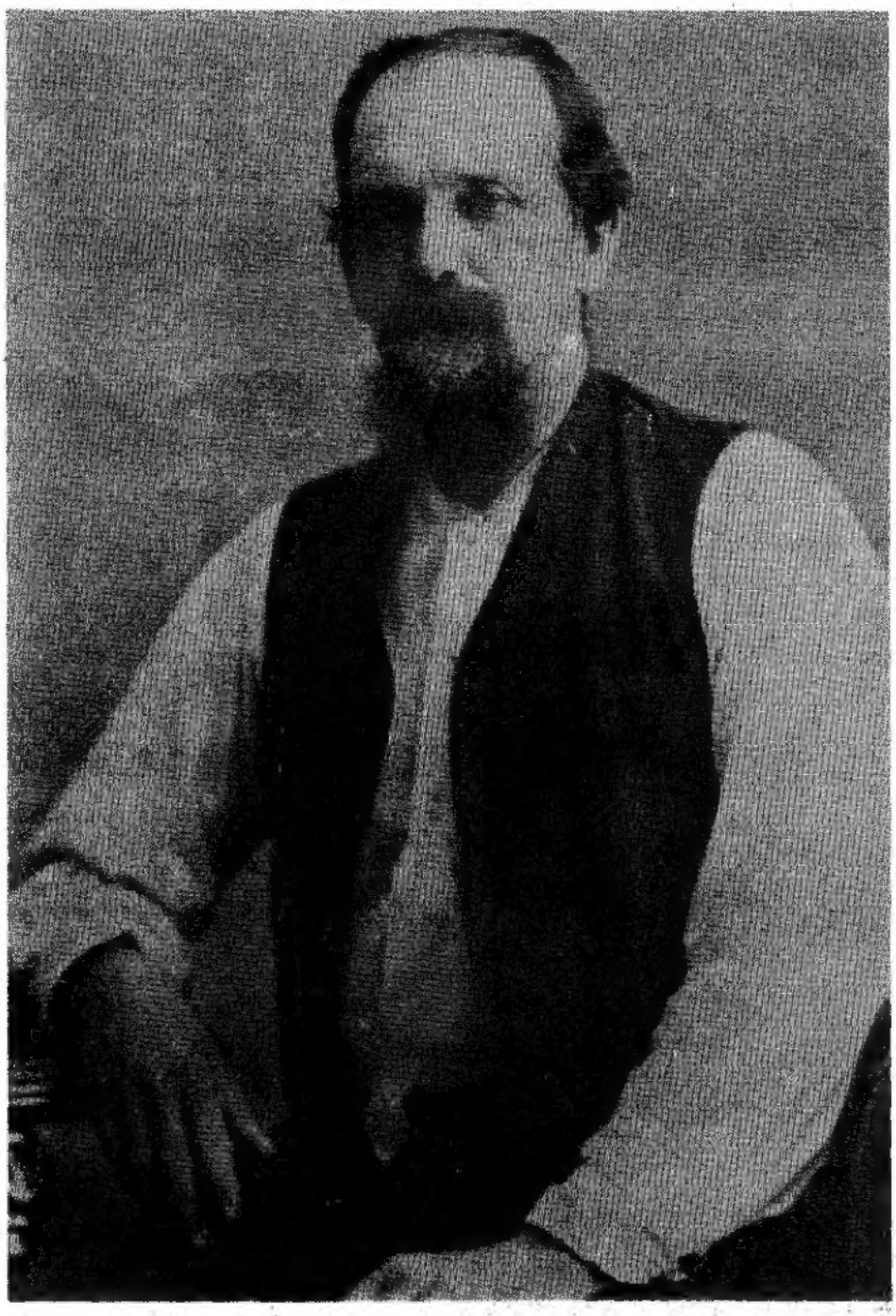

Clay Allison. Photo taken in 1885 in Sedalia, Missouri.

tray him as an alcoholic gunman and outlaw, a wild and explosive-tempered psychopath who, depending upon the story teller, was either the deadliest gunfighter of his time or a cowardly terrorist who never gave an opponent a chance and who achieved his formidable reputation through cunning and guile.

Barney Hubbs has read nearly every account ever published on Clay Allison's life. Most are collections of rumors, lies and distortions, presented as facts, says Hubbs.

"It's pure fiction, written by fiction writers," snorts Hubbs. "I can understand why they wrote him up the way they did—to sell their books or their stories. If you want to sell newspapers, you headline a murder.

"But I have no respect for such writers, and what they did to Clay Allison is unforgivable. I hate to see a man crucified just to sell a story."

So Barney Hubbs, for more than seventy of his seventy-nine years, has labored to set the record straight on Clay Allison. Hubbs undoubtedly has the largest collection of documents, letters, photographs and testimonials (written or taped) from friends, acquaintances and officials who knew Allison in his lifetime, than any other historian or writer in America.

And no reasonable and fair-minded man can talk with Hubbs over a period of days and study the evidence he has accumulated, without forming the same impression of Clay Allison that Barney Hubbs has.

The real Clay Allison emerges as a man who could and did, when the occasion demanded, use a pistol or a rifle with swift and deadly efficiency.

Otherwise, Allison was a peer of the respected and admired men who pioneered and settled much of Texas, the Kings, the Klebergs, the Shreiners, the Lovings, the Goodnights, the Johnsons and other such sturdy builders. And some of them had more than a passing knowledge of gun-slinging.

CLAY ALLISON was born in Tennessee, served with distinction as a Confederate cavalryman (Nathan Bedford Forrest's regiment), and made his way west after the Civil War, where he worked first for cowboy and wagon driver wages, then established himself as a competent and able rancher, businessman and trail boss. He was tall and handsome, with dark brown hair and blue eyes, and those who knew him remember him as a quiet-spoken man, pleasant, affable and companionable as a rule. He was a top hand with cattle and horses, liked to dress well, and he had a mannerly deportment.

Barney Hubbs is convinced Allison was a man typical of his times. "He drank some, sometimes too much, when he first came to New Mexico and Texas, but most men did in those times," said Hubbs. "He was rowdy at times, I believe that. Most cowboys in off the range or fresh off a cattle drive were. And he had a temper. We all do. And he was in some gunfights in New Mexico, where he first settled.

"But when he came to Pecos, some years before his death, he lived an exemplary life. He was known here as a good family man, a good cattleman and a dependable neighbor. He bought a lot in town on December 15, 1886, and built a townhouse on the plot.

"He was never in trouble here, and only got riled up once, as far as I can determine."

Clay Allison would have liked Barney Hubbs. And Hubbs' love affair with the legend of Clay Allison, his role as champion of a long dead frontiersman, is a warm and bright tale in itself.

"He was my hero," Hubbs explains simply.

Barney Hubbs is a towering, robust man who wears his years casually, a voluble man with an encyclopedic knowledge of West Texas events and history and an almost psychic insight into human nature. He has some of Clay Allison's reputed volatility, and periods of his own life have been as colorful, exciting and hectic as some of Allison's alleged exploits.

Hubbs was born in 1897 in Tom Green County, and is himself named for one of the last of the real Texas gunfighters, Barney Riggs. John T. Hubbs, Barney Hubbs' father, was a friend of Riggs, who killed six men in pistol duels before he himself fell in a gunfight in Fort Stockton in 1906. Hubbs' father was a post-Civil War cattleman in West Texas, but pulled out of Tom Green County during the cowman-sheepman wars of the late 1890s and early 1900s.

"West Texas was still open range in those days, and sheepmen felt they had

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as much right to range as cattlemen," said Hubbs. "It got pretty rough out there at times. Dad sold his homestead, cut out 600 mother cows from his herd, sold the rest, and we came to Pecos in 1903. My dad believed everything people told him, and some of them told him the Pecos country was a cowman's paradise.

"He had been ranching in sweetwater river country (the Concho). Here, he threw his cattle on the Pecos, which has bitter water. The Pecos has always been a graveyard for cattle.

"And Dad wasn't wanted here. In those days, cowmen still mavericked. Any cowboy who found a motherless, unbranded calf was paid fifty cents if he put his employer's brand on the animal. Also, a lot of cows died in the Pecos after getting mired. There was a practice followed that any cowboy who found such a cow could take the hide if it was still good. A hide brought $10 or $12 then, so a cowboy who found and skinned out two or three dead cows in a week or two had made himself a month's wages.

"You can figure out what happened. A rider would see one of my dad's cows, with a calf by her side, at the river, and simply drive the cow into the river, where she either died or was killed. The cow's hide brought him $10 or $12, and he got fifty cents for branding the calf, and since no one could prove otherwise, it was all legal.

"It didn't take too many years for Dad to go broke."

THE Hubbs family stayed in the Pecos country. As a child, Barney Hubbs and a friend, Louis Roberson, used to play in the old Pecos Cemetery, the "boot-hill" where Reeves Countians started burying their dead in 1880. Even before its use was discontinued in 1910, the cemetery fell victim to neglect and was taken over by tumbleweeds, mesquite and tall grass. It became a playground for the more daring boys.

Barney Hubbs discovered Clay Allison's grave the first time he visited the cemetery. He was already familiar with the man's reputation and exploits, for Allison was still recalled vividly by his contemporaries.

"I was a big-eyed boy, looking out to be a tough man, maybe like Buffalo Bill or Wild Bill Hickok," Hubbs recalled. "When I found Clay Allison's grave, I just made him my hero."

Young Hubbs took it upon himself to tend the grave. He cleaned up the plot, planted flowers and faithfully watered them. The original marker was on the grave then, a long slab of white stone, engraved with Allison's name and the dates of his birth and death, 1840-1887.

The boy talked to everyone he could find who'd known Allison, plying them for information and anecdotes concerning the famed rancher-gunfighter. He talked to merchants, ranchers, businessmen, Texas Rangers, cowboys who'd ridden with or for Allison, and anyone else who'd had contact with the man.

"Unfortunately, I did not take notes, it never occurred to me," Hubbs recalls.

In his youth, Hubbs worked as a printer's devil, an oilfield roughneck and as a cowboy. In 1917, at the age of twenty-one, he enlisted in the Navy, a patriotic endeavor most noted for its beginning. Hubbs was a cowboy at the time, and more than a little naive.

John Hubbs may have been too trusting in people, but as a father he had few peers. He had instilled in Barney Hubbs a value for certain human traits, things like honesty, integrity, loyalty, a love of family, courage and a willingness to work.

"Among other things my dad taught me was that when a man called you a s-o-b you hit him," said Hubbs. "It was not a word used casually or carelessly in Texas at the time."

Hubbs enlisted in El Paso and was dispatched by train to San Diego, arriving in boot camp still clad in his boots, range clothes and Stetson.

"Some sailor took one look at me and shouted, 'Hey fellows, come look at this long, tall s-o-b from Texas.' Well, he went to the hospital and I went to the brig. I spent my first ten days in the Navy behind bars.

"A petty officer came and got me and took me to a barracks. He was telling me where I would bunk and how I would draw supplies. I still didn't have a uniform.

"Well, one of the sailors in the barracks recognized me. 'Hey, it's that fightin' s-o-b from Texas,' he said. I went back to the brig and he went to the hospital."

The commanding officer called Hubbs before him and accused the young cowboy of being a troublemaker. "I am not a troublemaker," Hubbs replied evenly, "I'd hit you, sir, if you called me an s-o-b."

The captain was a man with a sense of values himself. Hubbs was cleared of any misconduct, went through training and was eventually sent overseas to France where, on the basis of having once been a printer's devil, he was assigned to publishing an Army-Navy newspaper, *The Pauillac Pilot*. The first edition of the last issue, proclaiming the Armistice, still hangs on his office wall.

HUBBS returned to Pecos after his discharge and in 1920 founded the Pecos *Gusher*. In the more than half-century since, Hubbs established himself as one of the Southwest's distinguished publishers, a communications pioneer in West Texas and the Rocky Mountain states. In 1925 he bought out his Pecos opposition, the Pecos *Enterprise*, and merged it with the *Gusher*. In ensuing years, he founded, acquired, backed financially or was a partner in the operation of the Odessa *American* and newspapers in Fort Stockton, Kermit, Barstow, Monahans, Balmorhea, Mentone, Texas and Artesia and Jal, New Mexico.

In 1935 he branched out into radio. Jack Hawkins, former city editor of the El Paso *Times*, came as editor of the Pecos *Enterprise* in 1930. They built and operated the first radio station between Fort Worth and El Paso. KIUN became the nucleus of Hubbs' "Cactus Network," a chain of stations that served the rural West from Alpine in the Big Bend of Texas to Cortez, Colorado.

In the process of operating his newspapers and radio stations, Hubbs became involved in other ventures, and acquired the status of one of Pecos' leading civic, financial, educational and political figures.

Hubbs wears his civic laurels as easily as he does his years. "I've been called 'Mr. Pecos'," he admitted with a smile. "But I've been called other things, too."

LOUIS ROBERSON, who served as Reeves County sheriff from 1930 to 1944, was Hubbs' lifelong friend and sometime business associate until his death in 1965. He often assisted Hubbs in his research on Clay Allison, and in the early 1930s, when the two found Allison's grave marker had been stolen, he joined Hubbs in making a handsome wooden headboard which the two erected over the grave.

"Clay Allison, Gentleman Gunfighter, 1840-1887, R.I.P.," the marker read. Later, Hubbs placed a granite monument at the foot of the plot reading, "He Never Killed a Man That Did Not Need Killing."

In most of the accounts of Clay Allison's life and exploits, the writers seem compelled to portray Allison as a man ruled by his gun, obsessed with killing, and nearly always drunk. An earnest student of the West and its prominent fig-

Below: Reburial of Allison. August 1975.

Below: "West Of The Pecos" Museum.

Below: The old saloon after restoration.

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The new gravesite.

ures can spot a number of errors in most of the stories. Some inaccuracies are repeated in different accounts, as if the writers all had access to the same rumors or borrowed from each other. Several accounts state Allison operated a ranch on the Wichita River in New Mexico, for instance. There is no Wichita River in New Mexico.

"Of course, most fiction is based on fact, and there are just enough facts in most stories about Allison to make the fiction palatable," said Hubbs.

Allison's gunfights are a matter of record in several New Mexico and Colorado towns. In each instance, a grand jury investigated and cleared Allison. One writer has Allison and a neighboring rancher in a duel over water rights.

Clay Allison is shown here with Joseph W. and Addie Matthews, children of John H. Matthews.

The men reportedly dug a grave, climbed into the excavation armed with knives and fought to the death. Allison climbed out winner, buried the loser and claimed the water rights.

"That never happened," said Hubbs. "I don't think Allison killed any more men than is a matter of record. Some writers claim he killed as many as fifteen men. One newspaperman reported that number after seeing Allison in a fistfight in St. Louis in 1879. Allison wrote him an angry letter, denying he'd killed fifteen men but he did not say how many he had killed. He simply didn't talk about such things.

"There are other tales that Allison had a penchant for getting drunk, stripping naked and riding his horse through a given town, shooting off his pistols. He never did that. I talked to too many men who knew him and rode with him, and surely one of them would have recalled even one such incident."

ALLISON did have a temper when riled. He did, in a New Mexico town, become incensed when a dentist, to whom he had gone to have a tooth pulled, extracted the wrong tooth. Allison forcibly put the dentist in his own chair and plucked out one of the doctor's teeth.

Hubbs has verified only one incident of Allison's losing his temper in Pecos. The editor of the paper published there in 1886 made an innocuous comment about Allison in his column, and Allison took exception. He searched the town for the newsman, intending to give the editor a beating, but R. D. Gage, a Pecos banker and lawyer, hid out the editor until Allison cooled off.

"Allison habitually went armed here, but most men did," said Hubbs. "I talked to Gage. Allison had no intention of killing the man. There is a generally held concept that Allison was drunk when he fell off his wagon and was killed. There is no truth in that. No one, of course, knows what happened, but I talked to the man who loaded out Allison's wagon, and several other people who saw and talked to him that day. Allison was sober. He had not had a drink when he left town."

In the early 1960s, Hubbs and Roberson were the leaders in a move to acquire the old Orient Hotel and Saloon (built separately in the 1890s) and convert the structures into what is now the West of the Pecos Museum.

In 1975 Hubbs persuaded the Pecos city fathers to move Allison's grave to the block-square site of the museum. The city council had to first dedicate a part of the land as a cemetery. Hubbs then obtained permission from Allison's grandchildren and other relatives, included among whom is Al Parker of Houston, and Earle North Parker and Mrs. Dora Lee Langdon of Fort Worth, all grandchildren.

Hubbs specified that he wanted to be present at the exhumation and reburial. He had talked to undertakers of Allison's era, and felt the gunfighter's remains would still be largely intact. There was a practice then to place several layers of boards over a coffin to protect the casket and allow the dirt to settle evenly over a grave. Present-day funeral directors didn't place much stock in Hubbs' theory, for exhumations of men who'd died since Allison had yielded nothing but dust.

Pecos officials, for reasons Hubbs doesn't find valid, decided to dig up Allison and rebury him in late August, while Hubbs was in Dallas.

"They had no conception of what should have been done from an historical standpoint," Hubbs said. "They didn't realize the importance of the event. They were just doing it to get a bucketful of dirt and call it Clay Allison. They didn't know what they'd find, as I did."

What the surprised cemetery detail found when they excavated Allison's grave were parts of his original coffin and his entire skeleton. The skeleton was still clad in parts of a broadcloth coat and trousers, and the hair was intact.

BARNEY HUBBS disposed of most of his holdings several years ago. "Radio is the only thing I'm in now, and my son, Bill, runs that business."

He intends to travel some, but his heart will stay in Pecos. "It's a rough country," he observed. "You have to put forth a little more effort to live out here. The thorns are sharper, it seems, and the soil is harsher and the climate is harsher.

"But any place is livable if communications and education are present. Communications and education. With those two words you can solve most of your problems."

Barney Hubbs is apt to be around for some time yet. I hope he lives forever. But when he does die, they should bury him next to Clay Allison in downtown Pecos.

And if I could choose the words for his marker, I'd have these words graven under his name:

MR. PECOS
He Always Stood Up For His Friends,
Even Those He Never Knew.

SPOTTED WOLF and the Dodge City Toughs

BY GARY L. ROBERTS

Photos Courtesy Author

About all that Indians and buffalo hunters had in common was a like for each other's throats!

THE COLD WINDS that swept through the creek bottoms and across the snow-covered short grass cheered the post trader from Camp Supply. The Indians who needed the goods W. D. Lee carried would welcome him now that winter had come to the Kansas plains.

When he awoke on the morning of December 27, 1872 the first storm of the season was over. He and his companion, Spotted Wolf, a chief upon whose friendship Lee greatly relied, broke camp early and started up one of the creeks near Dodge City. They had not gone far when Lee's wagon overturned, and Spotted Wolf was injured. The chief obviously needed a doctor. There was a physician at Fort Dodge, but prevailing orders forbade Indians from entering military reservations, so Lee decided to take him to Dodge City where a young doctor had just set up practice. Lee righted his wagon, helped his friend aboard, and urged his horses toward Dodge—and more trouble than he had bargained for.

The last thing the folks in Dodge City expected to see that December day was an Indian chief riding up Front Street, but there he was, bold as brass, right up there on the wagon seat by Mr. Lee, bouncing across the Santa Fe tracks and turning west toward Rath and Wright's mercantile store. Indians weren't welcome in Dodge, and the news ran through camp like the report of a needle gun. The town was filled with buffalo hunters, wolfers, railroad crewmen, drifters, and desperadoes, all driven in from the prairie by the first blizzard of the year. They had kept things lively since November. Dodge had no real law enforcement, and saloon brawls and personal quarrels were already taking their toll among the town's floating population. At least five men

Photo Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Robert M. Wright.

Photo Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Herman J. Fringer.

Photo Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Photo Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Photo Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Dodge City businessman, Charles Rath (above left) and his wife Carrie (above right).

had died in December alone. With little to do but warm their backsides at some storekeeper's stove or indulge their passions with whiskey, cards, or one of George Jones' "snowbirds," they were bored and dangerous, looking for diversion. It wasn't the best environment for an Indian, but there he was all the same.

As the wagon rolled past Zimmerman's Hardware Store and Hoover and MacDonald's Liquor Store and Saloon, the hunters and the storekeepers stumbled outside, pulling on their coats, to gawk and to murmur. They trailed along behind the wagon or squatted on the railroad tracks in front of the dance hall next to Smith and Edwards' General Store south of the tracks.

At Rath and Wright's Lee met Charles Rath and Robert M. Wright. They spoke briefly, then Lee pulled on across the street and reined up in front of Fringer's Drug Store, with Wright and Rath walking alongside.

Dr. T. L. McCarty had an office in the back of Fringer's place, and the hunters watched as Lee climbed down from the wagon, talked with Wright and Rath for a moment, then helped Spotted Wolf from the wagon and assisted him into Fringer's store under Doc McCarty's supervision.

These men had no love for Indians. They'd as soon squeeze a trigger on a Cheyenne or a Comanche as on a buffalo cow. Their very livelihood posed a threat to the Indians' survival, and they knew it. Some had personal reasons for hating Indians, and there was hardly a man there who did not know someone who had died in the war of the buffalo range.

Dr. T. L. McCarthy (below), Dodge City's first doctor and his wife Sally (left).

Photo Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

ONE of the hunters in the crowd was a taciturn Kentuckian named Kirk Jordan. Jordan wasn't the sort who left a lot of tracks, so not much is known about him.

His folks were good people who had emigrated to Kansas in 1871 and settled down with their six grown sons at Ellis. Kirk was apparently the wild one in the family, and he was soon lured to the buffalo range. He worked three four-horse wagons and twenty men out of Dodge, a fair-sized operation, and he was acknowledged as a leader of Dodge City's "roughneck crowd." Most people didn't fool with him, and on that particular December day he nursed a special hatred for Indians.

In August 1872 three hide hunters including Kirk Jordan's brothers, Richard and George, were surprised at their camp north of Dodge by Northern Cheyennes and killed. Richard's wife, Mary, was carried off by the Indians. She was never found. When Kirk Jordan learned of the massacre in September, he swore that he would kill the first Indian he saw. Now, as Jordan watched Spotted Wolf lifted down from the wagon box, he saw a ring on the chief's hand. It could hardly have been more than a glimpse, but he was sure that it was his sister-in-law's ring.

Jordan had little trouble enlisting a crowd for the purpose of hoisting Spotted Wolf to a wagon tongue, and within minutes the crowd across the tracks was a full-fledged mob.

Fringer's store stood on the corner of Front Street and what was later Bridge Street. Across Bridge Street to the east was Rath and Wright's store. Across the tracks in front of the drug store was a row of businesses, including a dance house. On the west side of the store was Isaac Young's harness shop. Dr. McCarty's office was in the rear of the drug store. Attached to the back of the building was a two-room lean-to, shared by Dr. McCarty and his wife Sally, and by Charles Rath and his wife Carrie. The east room, occupied by the Raths, opened on Bridge Street, while the only entrance to the west room (the McCartys') was in the rear, opening north. A door between the two rooms permitted visits between the two couples. Behind the lean-to was a stable yard, used by Young, which had a high board fence.

Rath and Wright had read the mood of the crowd outside and had taken the precaution of bolting Fringer's door when the Indian was carried inside. They realized that the front door would not hold the hidemen for long. While Dr. McCarty treated his patient, Wright, Rath, and Lee hastily conferred.

Quickly Charles Rath pried loose a board on the back wall of the doctor's office. Spotted Wolf was shoved through the opening and into Sally McCarty's bedroom, much to the consternation of the young woman who, up to that point, had been only vaguely aware of the excitement.

Rath had scarcely replaced the board when the mob burst through the front door and into McCarty's office. The frustrated hunters milled about, bewildered by the disappearance of their quarry, then sullenly retreated to cordon Fringer's with armed men.

Rath pushed through the crowd and hurried to his door to check on the women and the wounded Indian. He found Carrie Rath and Sally McCarty clinging to each other while Spotted Wolf lay on the floor behind Sally's bed. Rath quickly explained the situation to them and assured them that "No hunter will invade the privacy of your home so the chief is safe here for a time, but I must find a way to get him back to his tribe."

Now the waiting began. Rath, Wright, and Lee had a tough assignment. At first, they thought the best idea would be to

(Continued on page 32)

AGRICOLA'S

This may be the world's most ancient and

BY FORD GREEN

Illustrations from the Author's Collection

GEORGIUS AGRICOLA is the Latinized name of George Bauer, born in Germany in 1494. He was honored by the Universities of Leipsig, Bologna, Venice and Padua. While teaching Latin and Greek in Germany one of his assistants was Johannes Forster, better known as the grammarian who helped Martin Luther in translating the Bible. He was also acquainted with Erasmus of Rotterdam and other famous men at Basel, Switzerland.

By many Agricola is called an alchemist, which science he did study. However, it is said that the miners, where he experimented underground, were so derisive he turned to the scientific side of mining and over a period of years wrote the various parts of the compilation that was published as *De Re Metallica* (About Metallic Things).

The various Latin editions of this work were the textbooks of the Western World for more than two hundred years. German and Italian editions, as well as the Latin ones, circulated all over Europe. This was the height of the use of the woodcut, just after the death in 1428 of Albert Durer, the master wood engraver of all time. The 289 woodcuts in Agricola's compilation are as monumental a contribution as the literary part itself. They accurately depict almost every phase of mining, assaying and smelting known in Western Europe at that time, which was far ahead of the rest of the

Divining rod in searching position.

Divining rod indicating a vein.

"WAYBILL"

enduring guide to humanity's quest for gold . . .

world even until this century.

Agricola's book was translated from the Latin in 1912 by our former President, Herbert Hoover, and his wife, the first time that it had been translated into English. This was an exceptional translating feat, for it involved the use of Agricola's glossary of German mining terms for which he had to devise words in Latin in the 16th century, Hoover in turn having to reconcile them into English.

Hoover, who was a mining engineer, added copious footnotes. His translation is indispensible reading for anyone studying early mining methods in America. Not only mining, but smelting and assaying methods were exhaustively detailed.

In the course of the researching of this book the Hoovers compiled a chronological table of the development of the whole metallic industry which is invaluable to the study of various metals and their extraction.

THE FORKED STICK
BY
GEORGIUS AGRICOLA

THERE ARE many great contentions between miners concerning the forked twig, for some say that it is of the greatest use in discovering veins, and others deny it. Some of those who manipulate and use the twig first cut a fork from

Title page of 1556 edition of *Georgius Agricola.*

GEORGII AGRICOLAE
DE RE METALLICA LIBRI XII▸ QVI▸
bus Officia, Instrumenta, Machinæ, ac omnia denique ad Metallicam spectantia, non modo luculentissimè describuntur, sed & per effigies, suis locis insertas, adiunctis Latinis, Germanicisq; appellationibus ita ob oculos ponuntur, ut clarius tradi non possint.

EIVSDEM

DE ANIMANTIBVS SVBTERRANEIS Liber, ab Autore recognitus: cum Indicibus diuersis, quicquid in opere tractatum est, pulchrè demonstrantibus.

BASILEAE M▸ D▸ LVI▸

Cum Priuilegio Imperatoris in annos v.
& Galliarum Regis ad Sexennium.

a hazel-bush with a knife, for this bush they consider more efficacious than any other for revealing veins, especially if the hazel-bush grows above a vein. Others use a different kind of twig for each metal, when they are seeking to discover the veins, for they employ hazel twigs for veins of silver; ash twigs for copper; pitch-pine for lead and especially tin; and rods made of iron and steel for gold. All alike grasp the forks of the twig in their hands clenching their fists, it being necessary that the clenched fingers should be held toward the sky in order that the twig should be raised at the end where the two branches meet. Then they wander hither and thither at random through mountainous regions. It is said that the moment they place their feet on a vein the twig immediately turns and twists, and so by its action discloses the vein; when they move their feet again and go away from the spot the twig once more becomes immobile.

The truth is, they assert, the movement of the twig is caused by the power of the veins, and sometimes it is so great that the branches of the trees growing near a vein are deflected toward it. On the other hand, those who say the twig is of no use to good and serious men also deny that the motion is due to the power of the veins, because the twig will not move for everybody, but only for those who use incantations and craft. Moreover, they deny the power of the vein to draw to itself the branches of trees, but they say that the warm and dry exhalations cause these contortions.

Those who advocate the use of the twig make this reply to these objections: When the miners or some other person holds the twig in his hands, and it is not turned by the force of the vein, this is due to some peculiarity of that individual which hinders and impedes the power of the vein, for since the power of the vein in turning and twisting the twig may be not unlike that of a magnet attracting and drawing iron toward itself, this hidden quality of a man breaks and weakens the force, just the same as garlic weakens and overcomes the strength of the magnet. For a magnet smeared with garlic juices cannot attract iron, nor does it attract the latter when rusty.

Further, concerning the handling of the twig, they warn us that we should not press the fingers too lightly, nor clench them too firmly, for if the twig is held lightly they say that it will fall before the force of the vein can turn it; if, however, it is grasped too firmly the force of the hands resists the force of the veins and counteracts it. Therefore they consider that five things are necessary to insure that the twig shall serve its purpose: of these the size of the twig, for the force of the vein cannot turn too large a stick; secondly, there is the shape of the twig, which must be forked, or the vein cannot turn it; thirdly, the power of the vein which has the nature to turn it; fourthly, the manipulation of the twig; fifthly, the absence of impeding peculiarities.

These advocates of the twig sum up their conclusion as follows: if the rod does not move for everybody, it is due to unskilled manipulation or to the impeding peculiarities of the man, which oppose and resist the force of the vein, as we said above, and those who search for veins by means of the twig need not necessarily make incantations, but it is sufficient that they handle it suitably and are devoid of impeding power; therefore the twig may be of use to good and serious men in discovering veins. With regard to the deflections of the branches of the trees, they say nothing, and adhere to their opinion.

SINCE this matter remains in dispute and causes much dissention among miners, I consider it ought to be examined on its merits. The wizards, who also make use of rings, mirrors and crystals, seek for veins with a divining rod shaped like a fork, but its shape makes no difference in the matter—it might be straight or some other form—for it is not the form of the twig that matters, but the wizard's incantations which it would not become me to repeat, neither do I wish to do so.

Ancients, by means of the divining rod, not only procured those things necessary for a livelihood or for luxury, but they were also able to alter the form of things by it; as when the magician (Aaron, Exodus VII:9) changed the rods of the Egyptians into serpents, as the writings of the Hebrews relate; and as in *Homer*, Minerva with a divining rod changed Ulysses into a youth and then restored him back again into old age; Circe also changed Ulysses and his companions into beasts and afterward gave them again their human form; moreover, by his rod, which was called "Caduceus," Mercury gave sleep to watchmen and awoke slumberers. Therefore it seems that the divining rod has passed to the mines from its impure origin with the magicians. Then when good men shrank with horror from the incantations and rejected them, the twig was retained by the unsophisticated common miners, and in searching for veins some traces of these ancient usages remain.

Since truly the twigs do move, albeit they do not generally use incantations, some say this movement is caused by the power of the veins, others say that it depends on manipulation, and still others think that the movement is due to both causes. But, in truth, all of those objects which are endowed with the power of attraction do not twist things in circles, but attract them directly to itself, as amber rubbed until it is warm does not bend straws about, but simply draws them to itself. If the power of veins were of similar nature to that of the magnet and the amber, the twig would not so much twist as move once only, in a semicircle, and be drawn directly to the vein, and unless the strength of the man who holds the twig were to resist and oppose the force of the vein, the twig would be brought to the ground; and although they might discover a vein, must necessarily follow that its manipulation is the cause of the twig's twisting motion.

It is a conspicuous fact that these cunning manipulators do not use a straight twig, but a forked one cut from a hazel-bush, or from some other wood equally flexible, so that if it be held in the hands as they are accustomed to hold it, it turns in a circle for any man wherever he stands. Nor is it strange that the twig does not turn when held by the inexperienced, because they either grasp the forks of the twig too tightly or hold them too loosely. Nevertheless, these things give rise to the faith among common miners that the veins are discovered by the use of twigs, because whilst using them they do accidentally discover some. But it more often happens that they lose their labor, and although they might discover a vein, they become no less exhausted by digging useless trenches than do the miners who prospect in an unfortunate locality. Therefore, a miner, since we think he ought to be a good and serious man, should not make use of an enchanted twig, because if he is prudent and skilled in the natural signs, he understands that a forked stick is of no use to him, for as I have said before, there are natural indications of these veins which he can see for himself without the help of twigs. So that if nature or chance should indicate a locality suitable for mining, the miner should dig his trenches there; if no vein appears he must dig numerous trenches until he discovers the outcrop of the vein.

(*End of Agricola excerpt*)

Searching position and indicating position of divining rod.

TO MENTION a Forty-niner always brings out visions of a man beside a stream panning for gold. This method goes back through the ages. Agricola's *De Re Metallica* was the first comprehensive work dealing with the history of mining and the profession as it was then practiced.

The ancient authors such as Pliny, Strabo, Homer, and Herodotus (485-425 B.C.) describe the various centers of mining in Asia Minor as well as many different places in Europe, but there are few reliable records of production. The myth of the Argonauts comes from tales about the goldfields of Colchis in the Western Caucasus Mountains.

In the thirteenth century there were a number of discoveries in the Alps, Transylvania, and various parts of Spain that

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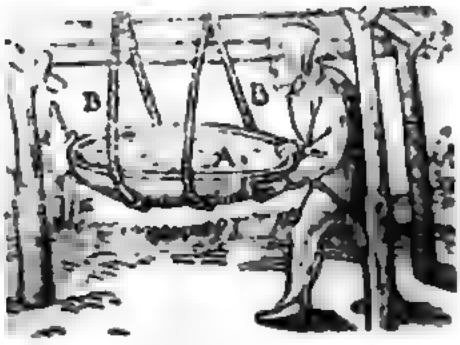
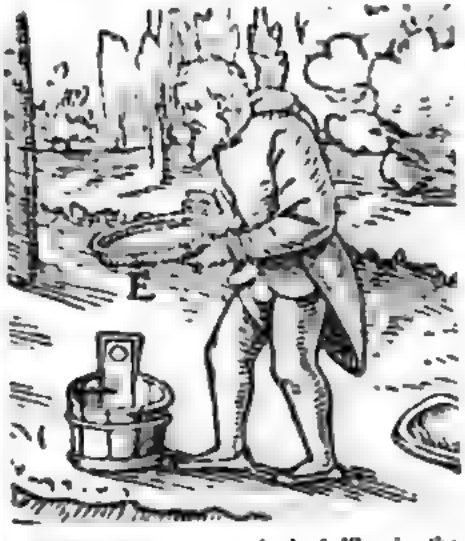
Panning for gold in the West.

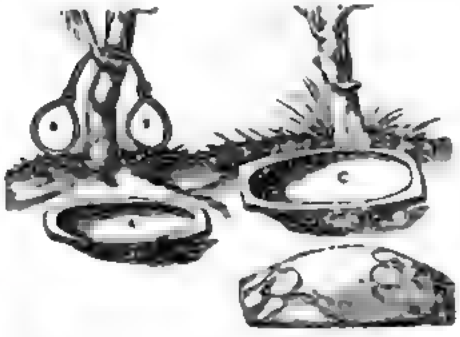


Washing gold in a very large wooden batea, or shallow tray. This is the largest pan-type of washing.

Washing gold in a stream with the wooden batea (which has wooden sides added) with handles to control it as it floats.



What a gold panner looked like in the mid-1500s.

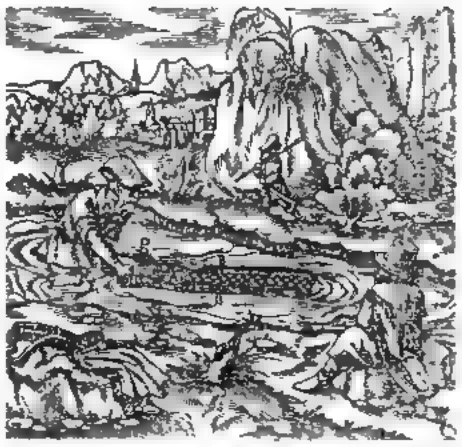


Wooden bateas or bowls used for metal extraction. Bowl A has notches for the ropes (B) used for suspension in washing operations.

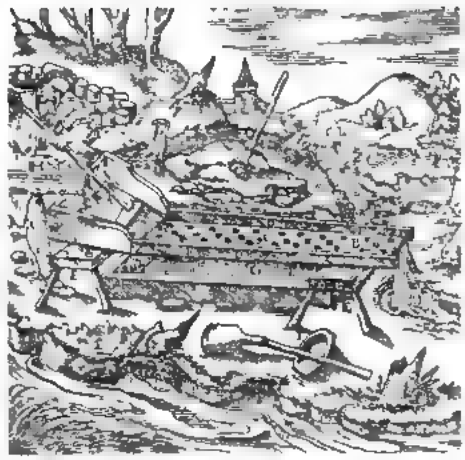
reviver production lost in the Dark Ages, during which the gold treasuries of the Roman Empire were dispersed. During most of the Middle Ages the production, as well as the techniques of extraction, languished.

The New World strikes of the sixteenth century in Mexico, Peru, Colombia and Chile created a great new interest. In the department of Bolivia in Peru (as it was known then) nuggets up to forty pounds were found in placer deposits. From this point on, the accounting for gold production is relatively accurate compared with centuries past. The publication of Agricola's book in 1556 prob-

Washing with a smaller batea that is pointed, giving somewhat more control over the operation.



A small sluice floats in the stream and has iron wire to slow up the flow and settle the gold.



In this kind of sluice gold particles either pass through the holes or are retained by slats or other devices that hold the gold and pass the lighter material. The gold concentrate is caught in the trough under the sluice.

ably influenced gold production more than anything else except the discovery of America.

We all know what the panning Forty-niner looks like, and Agricola's woodcuts show what panning was like in his time. The method has not changed very much over the centuries. The shape and materials of the pans have changed, but not the principle and the methods of manipulation of the pan.

Wooden bateas are used today in Mexico for many purposes. I have bought large ones such as are in these illustrations in the last twenty years. Though I have never personally seen them in use, I understand that they are used in remote areas. Some have a capacity of ten gallons, fashioned from primavera mahogany which is also called cedro or cedar.

In the first half of the nineteenth century most gold was reclaimed by various forms of placer mining. From 1848 (the California strike) through 1875 it is estimated that 87% of all gold production was through alluvial or placer mining. Lode, vein, or quartz mining then began to increase so that in 1876 only 65% was placer production: in 1890, 44%; and in 1905 it was down to 15%. Despite this decrease, alluvial mining is still important.

WE ARE all familiar with the sluices, cradles and "Long Toms" used in various parts of our West as well as the Klondike. Few people realize that these things historically go back beyond the Bronze Age. We have a number of ancient accounts of what this mining was like, but the first physical interpretation pictorially are the wood-cut illustrations in *De Re Metallica*. These illustrations are unique in that mining methods of Grecian and Roman times are illustrated with people in the German dress of the middle sixteenth century. Most of these methods were probably also in use at that very time in Mexico, Peru, Brazil, New Granada (Venezuela) and India.

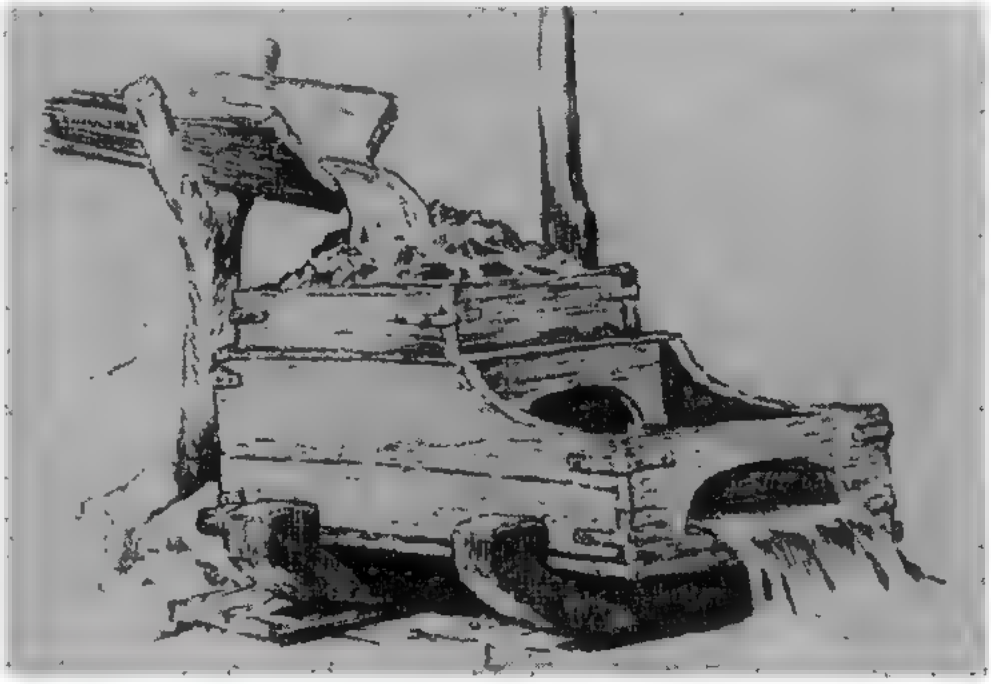
One of the best known ancient tales concerns the Golden Fleece of the Greeks, more or less a myth, but given a very solid interpretation by Agricola. The Golden Fleece was a sheep skin used to collect gold dust in a stream in Colchis, a country in the Western Caucasus at the east end of the Black Sea (or the Euxine as it was then known).

Said Agricola: "The Colchians placed skins of animals in the pools of springs; and since many particles of gold had clung to them when they were removed, the poets invented the "golden fleece" of the Colchians. In like manner, it can be contrived by the methods of miners that skins should take up, not only particles of gold, but also silver and gems."

Quoting the footnotes of Hoover on the same subject: "Colchis, the traditional land of The Golden Fleece, lay between the Caucasus in the north and Armenia on the south and the Black Sea on the west. If Agricola's account of the metallurgical purpose of the fleece is correct, then Jason must have had real cause for complaint as to the tangible results of his expedition. The fact that we hear nothing of the fleece after the day it was taken from the dragon would thus support Agricola's theory.

"Tons of ink have been expended in these last thirty centuries in explanations of what the Fleece really was. These explanations range through the supernatural and metallurgical, but more recent writers have endeavored to construct the

The traditional cradle sluice of the Forty-Niners.



Popular in Lusitania, this sluice also made use of riffles to trap the gold.

A sluice made from a split log hollowed out. A wooden scrubber is used to control the flow of water to allow the gold to settle in the trough.

One unusual system of washing included putting thistles called *Ulex* (B in the illustration) in a stream to catch grains of gold. Later the thistles were dried and burned to get the small amounts clinging to them. Another method of washing for gold involved holding fleece on a fork (E in the illustration) in the stream. The fleece was then washed to extract the grains. A third way of washing gold is the sluice with sand put in it. (G) and the fleece on a small work to catch the grains. The fleece is then washed.

journey of the Argonauts into an epic of the development of the Greek trade in gold with the Euxine. We will not attempt to traverse them from a metallurgical point of view further than to maintain that Agricola's is as probable and equally ingenious as any other, although Strabo (64 B.C. to 19 A.D.) gives much the same view long before.

"Alluvial mining—gold washing—being as old as the first glimmer of civilization, it is referred to directly or indirectly by a great majority of ancient writers, poets, historians, geographers and naturalists. Early Egyptian inscriptions refer to this industry, but from the point of view of technical methods the description of Pliny (23 A.D to 79 A.D.) is practically the *only* one of interest, and in Pliny's chapter on the subject, alluvial is badly confused with vein mining."

Quoting Pliny: "Gold is found in the world in three ways, to say nothing of that found in India by the ants, and in Scythia by the Griffins. The first is as gold dust found in streams, as for instance, in the Tagus in Spain, in the Padua in Italy, in the Hebrus in Thracia, in the Pactolus in Asia, and in the Ganges in India; indeed there is no gold found

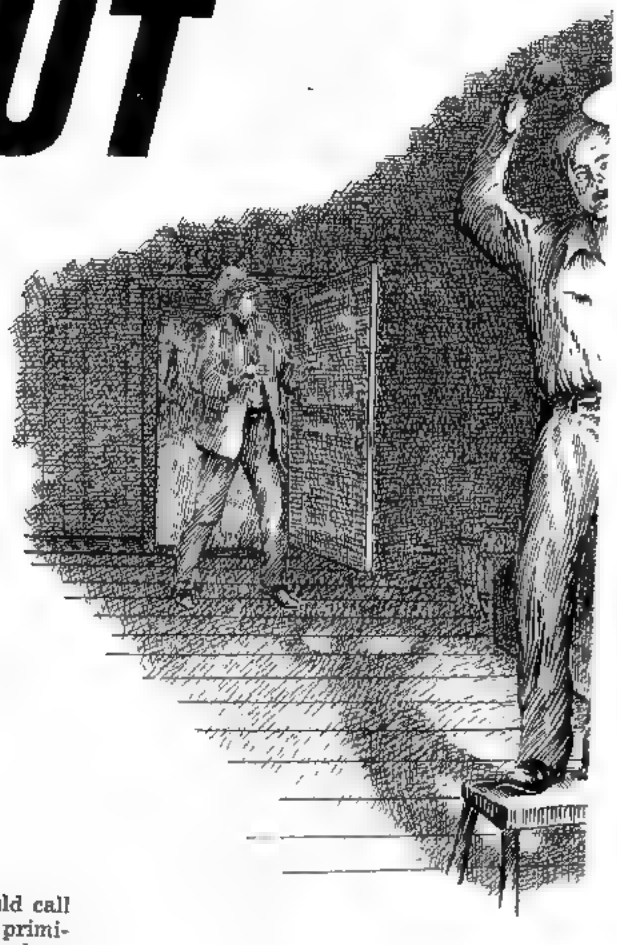
more perfect than this, as the current polishes it thoroughly by attrition. . . .

"Others by equal labor and greater expense bring rivers from mountain heights, often a hundred miles, for the purpose of washing this debris. The ditches thus made are called *corrigi*, from the word *corrivatio*, I suppose; and these entail a thousand fresh labors. The fall must be steep, that the water may rush down rather than flow gently. The ditches across the valleys are joined by aqueducts and in other places unpassable rocks have to be cut away and forced to make room for troughs of hollowed-out logs. Those who cut rocks are suspended from ropes, so that to those who watch them from a distance, seem not so much beasts as birds. Hanging thus, they take levels and trace the lines which the ditch is to take; and thus, where there is no place for man's footsteps, streams are dragged by men. Water is vitiated for washing if the current of the stream carries mud with it.

"This kind of earth is called urium, hence these ditches are laid out to carry the water over beds of pebbles to avoid this urium. When they have reached the head of a fall, at the top of a mountain, reservoirs are excavated a couple of hundred feet long, and about ten feet deep. In these reservoirs there are generally five gates left, about three feet square, so that when the reservoirs are full, the

(Continued on page 59)

The SHOOT-OUT



Here's a case where a mutual protection plan may have been providing a little help to the wrong people!

BY GRAHAM STEVENSON

IF ANYONE ever asks you what you would do in a hold-up and you want to brag a little, well go ahead. No one will believe you, and the chances are you will never have to make good on your boasts; or if you do, there won't be any witnesses.

If you want to be modest, tell them what a coward, how meek and docile, you would be. Chances are no one will remember, at least not by the next day.

But if you want to tell the truth, tell them that you don't know how you would act—because you really don't. I didn't know, and I have been there—twice!

It was in an oil boom town in the great Southwest. I was only nineteen years old and was operating a grocery store—and doing real well, at least for a boy. It had been just a little country town of perhaps 800 people when the discovery well roared in, but I was not there at the time.

Within a year the oil companies, large and small, had spent a billion dollars developing the field, and the population of the area was estimated at 50,000, give or take a few, by the time I arrived. People came from all over the world, the best and the worst. There was lots of work and lots of money, and these people figured on getting some of it. I know about that, as I was one of them.

My store was not what you would call an emporium; in fact it was quite primitive, being sixteen feet wide and about thirty-six feet long. In the back I had curtained off a space to sleep. There were two gasoline pumps in front of the store. I had no electricity so I carried only cured or canned meats. I did have a refrigerator cooled with ice in which I kept soft drinks and ice cream.

I had a good stock, mostly staple groceries, work clothes and shoes for men, and some very good dress shirts, ties and sox. I carried a good line of tobacco, cigars and cigarettes, and a good line of candy, all in five- or ten-cent bars to keep from having to wait while a five-year-old made his agonizing decision on penny candy.

Work in the oil fields went on twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. On the drilling rigs the men worked two 12-hour shifts, or tours (which they pronounced "towers"), changing at noon and midnight. This latter was choice business, and I stayed up for it.

My store was lit by two gasoline lanterns, one near the front, the other just back of the center. These lanterns required tending to occasionally, to be pumped up, or have the light turned up or down or something.

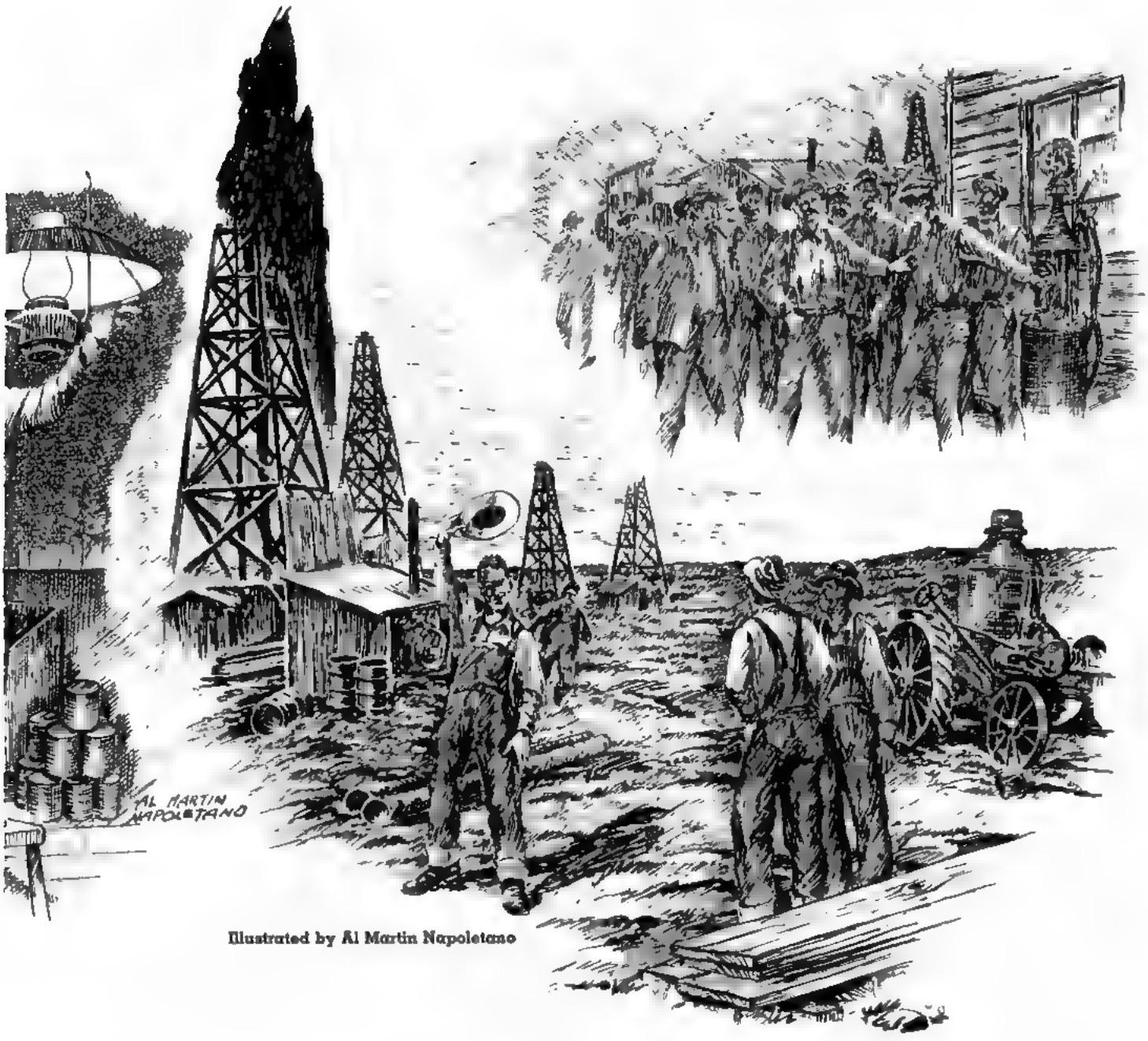
The first time I was robbed, it was ridiculously easy. I was standing on a low stool to take down the rear lantern for adjusting. The back door was unlocked.

Suddenly a man rushed in. He was masked and had an automatic pistol in each hand. The guns looked larger, but I am now sure they were either .32 or .38 caliber.

"Stay where you are. With your hands up," he ordered in a voice that was obviously disguised.

There was nothing to do but obey. He took my wallet from my hip pocket, then opened and rifled the cash register. Warning me to be quiet and not spread the alarm for ten minutes, he bolted out the back door. I did not hear a car start, so assumed he had fled on foot.

After perhaps thirty seconds, I went to the cafe next door and asked the pro-



Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

prietor to come to my place, which he did. I told him about the hold-up and asked if he had seen anyone or anything suspicious. He said he had not, but would look around. I told him I was going to report the hold-up to the law. He said I was wasting my time unless I could positively identify the robber.

He was right. The bored looking deputy said if I didn't know who the highjacker was, there was no use wasting his time. He didn't even make a record of what I told him, saying they didn't have enough men to investigate every "reported hold-up." I got the impression he did not even believe me.

IT IS HARD to describe my feelings of rage and resentment over this deal. I hadn't lost a lot of money, perhaps $50, as I had paid out most of the cash I had to a salesman late that afternoon. It was, to use a very hackneyed phrase, not so much the money as it was the principle of the thing. A man had taken my money, had threatened my life.

On my way back to the store I determined that if anyone tried to rob me again, I was going to try to do something about it. I would try to kill anyone who did, if possible. I justified this feeling by saying to myself that I had killed poisonous snakes, even though I felt pity for them when I did it for they were born as they were, could not help it, yet were a menace. Robbers were not born that way. They were born as human beings, but by their conduct they had become a menace to humanity.

By the time I had arrived back at the store, I had come up with a plan. There was a 25-foot vacant lot between my store and the cafe next door. I considered the cafe owner a good friend, perhaps a bit windy but still a good friend. He said he was a veteran of World War I, liked to tell of his exploits and the medals he had won, especially the Croix de Guerre, which had been pinned on him by Marshal Foch, who had kissed him on both cheeks. I had no reason to doubt he was telling the truth—and maybe he was.

The next morning I told him my idea. I knew he had a .41 caliber revolver. I told him I too would get a gun and we would rig up an alarm system so that in case of a hold-up either of us could call on the other for help. He was agreeable.

That day I went to town and bought two ordinary electric doorbells, with batteries for both and enough wire to do the job. I borrowed a gun from an uncle. I had intended to buy one, but he told me to use his though he predicted I would

(Continued on page 36)

NEW SLANT ON THE OF JULIA BULETTE

John Millian was hanged and the case was closed—but read his little known "confession"

Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Only known photograph of Julia Bulette.

A FRENCHMAN, John Millian, was publicly hanged for the strangulation murder of Julia Bulette, a prostitute, at Virginia City, Nevada, on April 24, 1868. The casual brutality of the crime had shocked even Virginia City which, in the words of reporter Dan DeQuille "had a murder every morning for breakfast." The death of the well-known, attractive 35-year-old Julia, the capture and subsequent trial of the supposed killer, and the prospects of a public hanging had left the town limp.

Everyone who could get away headed for a ravine a mile north of Virgina where the scaffold had been erected. John Millian, seated beside several priests in a heavily guarded carriage, reached the execution site before the crowd got too restless. Clean shaven, and resigned to his fate, he walked unaided up the wooden steps accompanied by the priests. At the top he was met by the sheriff and several armed men. He asked to make a statement, and permission was granted. Millian spoke very little English so his remarks were made in French. He accused various law officers of perjury—stated abandoned women had testified against him—unable to comprehend the accusations against him—guilty of some bad deeds, but innocent of this murder—treated well in prison by the sheriff and other officers—thanked an individual and his family for their kindness to him—thanked the many ladies of Virginia who had visited him in prison. His final remark was to the effect that what he was saying was the only confession he had made, and *anything else in the way of a confession was spurious and untrue.*

Finished, the prisoner shook hands with the officers, embraced the priests, and stepped onto the trap. Twenty-five minutes later the body of John Millian was cut down and placed in a wagon for transport to his grave. The crowd of people who covered the hillside slowly dispersed.

I HAD HEARD of the so-called "Confession of John Millian—Murderer of Julia Bulette," but I had never seen a copy until the other day. A very lovely lady I know—Adele Bender—still actively running a successful millinery in Reno gave me a copy she found among her father's letters. Her family was in Nevada before it was even a state (1864), and she gave me permission to use the documents as I saw fit.

Prostitutes swarmed Virginia City following the discovery of silver on the

MURDER

BY JOHN B. AYMAR

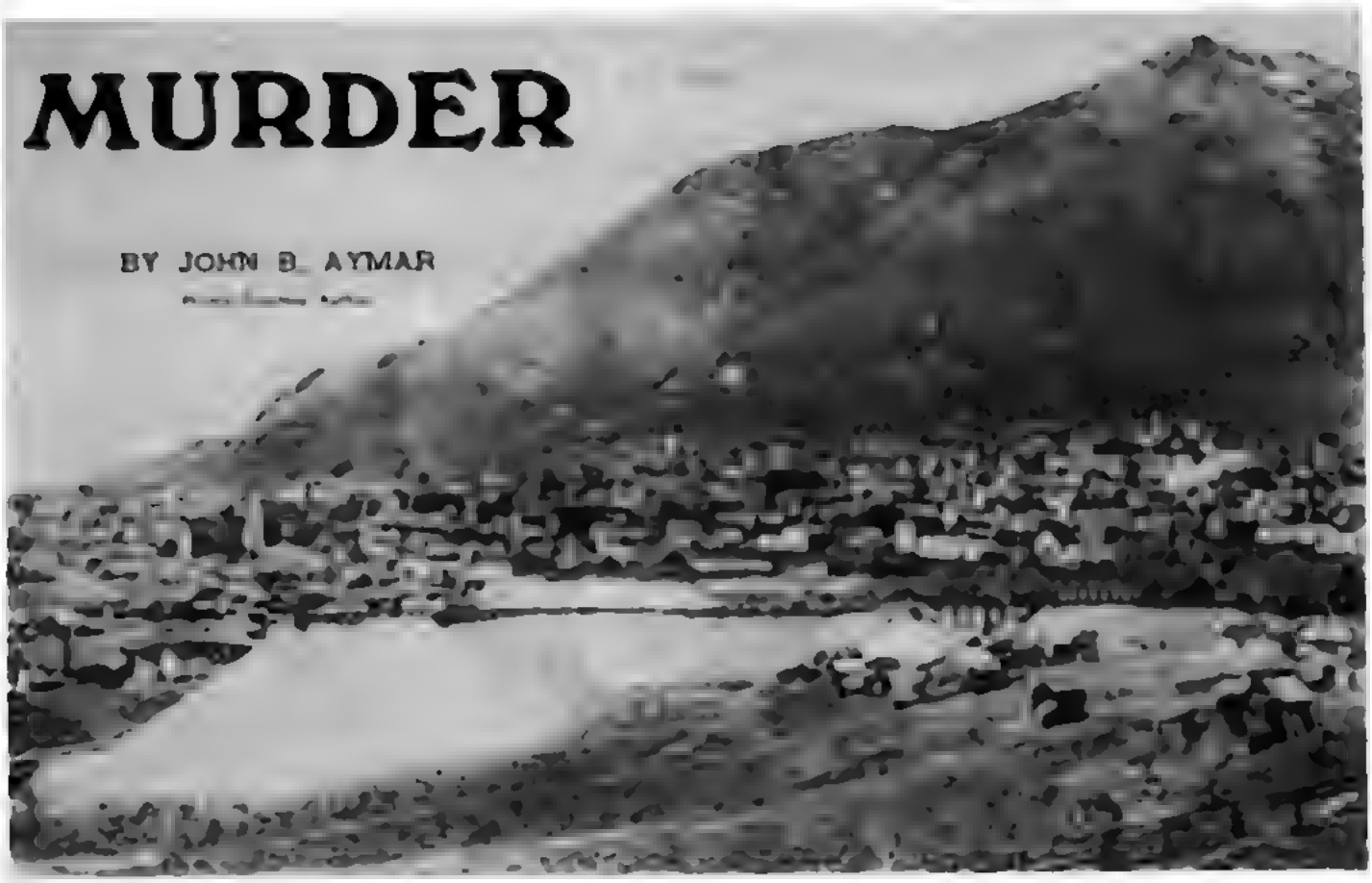


Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Above: Virginia City, Nevada, looking southwest. Circa 1875. Below: Virginia City around 1880.

Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Comstock Lode. As usual, wives of mine owners and businessmen protested the invasions of loose women which came in the wake of every strike, but to no avail. The men considered the "girls" as inevitable a part of mining as the headframes that covered the hills. To placate their irate spouses, however, they usually designated the part of town where prostitution would be tolerated. At Virginia City, the street below "C" was so designated, and in no time block after block of "D" Street was filled.

Julia Bulette was an uncommon prostitute. Coming to Virginia City about 1863, she soon established herself as the queen of "D" Street. She selected a modest house on the corner of "D" and Union, next to the fire house. Writers have described her establishment as a "palace of pleasure." It was hardly that, but compared to the shacks and cribs of the other girls, it could be called quite elegant. She even acquired a carriage with her own crest on the door. The respectable women of Virginia City hated her.

Julia became the pet of the volunteer fire department. Most of the buildings in town were of wood construction, and the town itself was surrounded by a veritable ocean of sagebrush. Then, as now, there was the constant risk of fire. Julia took it on herself to always have soup and coffee ready for the volunteers after they had battled a blaze. She contributed heavily to local charities, and President Lincoln's relief fund for wounded Union soldiers. Whether out of sheer affection, or from a perverse desire to irritate their wives, the men made her an honorary member of Engine Co. No. 1.

ON January 20, 1867 Julia Bulette was found in bed brutally mangled. Robbery was the apparent motive. The killer or killers had first tried to bludgeon her to death and, failing that, resorted to strangulation. It was noted that all her jewelry, furs, and even some clothes had been taken.

The following day at noon, a coroner's inquest was held, and at 3 p.m. Julia Bulette was buried in the unconsecrated ground of Flowery Cemetery. Led by a band with muffled drums, the entire volunteer fire company, sixty strong, followed the hearse to the gravesite. The inquest had uncovered no clue as to who had killed Julia, and with that the case faded from attention.

Four months after the murder, another prostitute named Martha Camp awoke to find a man in her room with a knife. Her screams routed the intruder, but she recognized the man and caused his arrest. The man was John Millian. By chance, a trunk he had left in a local bakery was discovered containing clothing and other personal effects of Julia Bulette.

While mining towns tolerated prostitution, they made short shrift of murder, claim-jumping, and robbery. A good driller with his head bashed in was damned hard to replace. In the beginning, a "miner's court" consisting of a self-appointed judge, someone who could write, a jury that stood rather than sat, and a convenient cottonwood tree were all that was necessary to maintain order. And though the miner's courts were replaced by territorial courts and by state courts, the habit of a fast trial remained. The great wealth of the Comstock attracted many criminals. At one time in Virginia City, townspeople, angered at the slowness of the law, formed a vigilance group with the odd title of "601." After three known night-time hangings, a "notice" from the committee was usually enough to send a troublemaker spurring his horse over the Sierras to safety.

On June 26, 1867 John Millian went to trial charged with first-degree murder. He admitted implication, but denied taking part in the actual murder of Julia Bulette. The case went to the jury at mid-morning and at midnight a verdict of guilty was delivered. Evidence against the man was overwhelming. Identified clothing and other articles found in his trunk was damning evidence. On top of this, witnesses came forward to testify he had sold still other items traceable to the murdered woman.

When the verdict was known, every fire-bell in Virginia City pealed with joy. The court later sentenced Millian to be hanged on August 23. Millian's very able attorney, Charles E. DeLong, Esq., won a stay of execution until February 27, 1868, but the appeal was denied, and Millian was rescheduled to hang April 24, 1868.

The ladies of Virginia took the attitude that, foul as the murder had been, John Millian had solved at least one of their problems. They took turns visiting the condemned man in prison, bringing food and reading to him. It was not often they had the chance to show real contempt for their not-too-pure sisters.

As the day of execution approached, the rumor circulated that Millian's attorney had a "confession" and other evidence he had failed to produce at the trial. Knowing he could do no more to save his client, and wishing to stop the rumor that he had suppressed evidence, on the day before the hanging, DeLong turned the following documents over to a publishing company.

The story of Julia Bulette has been written, exaggerated, and decorated many times, but to my knowledge no one has written a conservative story about her and the man who murdered her—or, at least, was accused of murdering her.

"Pogonip" a ground fog which covered the valleys of Nevada in winter, is seen here in this early 1800 photo of Virginia City.

LIFE

AND

CONFESSION

OF

JOHN MILLIAN,

(PROPERLY, JEAN MARIE A. VILLAIN,)

CONVICTED AS THE

MURDERER OF JULIA BULETTE,

AS GIVEN BY HIM TO HIS ATTORNEY.

VIRGINIA:
LAMMON, GREGORY & PALMER.
1868.

LEGIBILITY WRONG
FILE FROM ORIGINAL (APPROVED)

NOTE FROM MILLIAN'S ATTORNEY.

MESSRS. LAMMON, PALMER AND GREGORY:

Dear Sirs—To you and the public, I address this communication, in justice to myself, and leave you to make such use, or any use of the same you may see proper.

My reason for doing this is that John Millian promised me a full confession of his crime, and a history of his life; he prepared one with me in his cell, months since, and subsequently, at his request, I returned the same to him, he promising to review and re-write the same and return it to me, which he has since refused to do. This confession I had promised to give you, gentlemen, and I now do all in my power by giving you a brief statement of what his former confession contained, that you may have the benefit of the same and that this whole community may know the extent of his confessions of crime made to me.

Yours, respectfully,

CHARLES E. DELONG.

VIRGINIA, April 23, A. D. 1868.

CONFESSION.

His name as given to me, is Jean Marie A. Villain, a native of St. Malo, France. He emigrated to California in 1849, and remained until 1853, when he returned to France and was conscripted and served in the Marine service during the Crimean war, and served in the trenches there for a period of twenty-three months, being one of the storming party at the fall of the Malakoff fortress, which terminated that memorable siege by the fall of Sebastopol. Subsequently he returned to this coast and pursued various pursuits here and in California, such as working as a boat hand on the Stockton boats—serving as a sailor on coasters in the lumber trade up the coast—driving water-cart in San Francisco, and working on ranches as a laborer, near Oakland, Cal.—and in this State, having worked mainly as a laundryman in this city, and at Mr. Hall's laundry, on the Geiger Grade.

That at some time during his life he had formed the acquaintance of two men, one named Douglass and one named Dillon, two men whom he particularly described to me and others, but whose whereabouts he has never informed me, farther than as will hereafter be stated.

On the night of the murder of Julia Bulette, he, Millian, was passing at the corner of C and Union streets, at the International Hotel, when he saw Douglass and Dillon in private converse; that Douglass spoke to him and said: "How are you, Frenchman?" at which he halted and waited for them a mo-

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ment while Douglass and Dillon continued their conversation unheard by him. Presently, he heard Dillon say: "Who will help us?" To which Douglass replied: "Frenchman will do." Dillon replied: "I would rather have Chris." Douglass replied: "No, Frenchman will do;" and turning to him, (Millian), said: "Frenchman, I want you to help us do a little job to-night; there is money in it. Will you do it?" To which Millian assented, and Douglass then turning to Dillon remarked: "Now, you go down and go to bed with her and we will be there;" at which Dillon left, going in the direction of Julia Bulette's house. Douglass then said to Millian, "Come, let us go around and see some of the girls;" at which they both started and visited numerous houses of prostitution in the city, finally coming up Union to near D street, when, Douglass leading the way, they turned from the street to rear of Julia Bulette's house, and when there, Douglass, drawing a piece of wire from his pocket, picked a lock and entered into a sort of vacant place there is under Julia's house, Millian following him. When there, he told Millian to wait while he went up town and get some lunch; at which Douglass started and soon returned with a person accompanying him; but who that person was, Millian was unable to ascertain. When Douglass arrived he produced two bottles, and remarked: "Here, Frenchman, here is some wine for you; we prefer whisky;" and passing Millian some of the lunch and a bottle of the wine, they proceeded to eat and drink in silence, sitting a short distance apart. He (Millian) after eating and drinking, fell asleep and slept—how long, he did not know, being in part stupefied by the effects of the wine.

In a short time, about two hours, as near as he could judge, Douglass aroused him, shaking him, and said: "Come, get up, it is time," whereupon they all went out; when Douglass, handing Millian a cocked revolver at the foot of the steps leading up to Julia Bulette's house, said to him, "Now then, you stand here and if any one comes you give the alarm;" then proceeding up the steps, he placed the unknown third person on guard at the landing, and taking a key from his pocket unlocked the door of the house and entered. That in a short time he (Millian) heard one smothered exclamation of distress from without, such as "Oh! Oh! Oh!" lengthily and painfully expressed and in a subdued voice, as if of a person being smothered. That in a few moments Douglass and Dillon emerged from the house, Douglass bearing the bulky plunder, consisting of the dresses, furs, etc., on his arm, and tossing them to Millian, remarked, "Here, Frenchman, you take these, you have a room and a trunk," and passing out toward Union street were about to part, when Douglass remarked to Dillon, "Jim, that damned woman would have got away with you if I had not been there." Millian has always insisted to me that this was the first intimation he had that a murder had been committed, and did not know that one was intended. That he conveyed the plunder to his room, the others going in various directions. That in the morning they came to his room, took the diamonds from their settings and sent him to sell them. That he called on Mrs. Moch and asked her if she

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did not wish to buy some diamonds, and she replied that she would if she could get them cheap and they were good. That he showed her the diamonds, and she, after first inquiring of him how he came by them (all of which questions he answered so that her suspicions were not aroused), agreed to take them to some jeweller and find out what they were worth and let him know. That on his return she informed him that the jeweller told her they were worth one hundred dollars, but that she would not give but seventy-five dollars for them, which he declined to take and returned with them to his room, where he met Douglass and Dillon and returned the diamonds to them. That Douglass sold them to Nye & Co., and subsequently met him (Millian) on the street and gave him some of the money and told him to keep shady and take good care of the things, etc., and that in a few days he would see him again. That he (Millian) being a member of an engine company in Virginia that attended the funeral of Julia Bulette, attended with the company, to avoid suspicion, and following the hearse to the grave wore a piece of crape on his arm as a mourner.

He has always and persistently adhered to this statement to me and never did make any other confession to me. He has also always denied to me being engaged in any other crime or commission of a crime. I frequently urged him to tell me if he knew anything about the murder of C. A. B. Hill, and also about the mysterious murders of women of ill fame that had been perpetrated in San Francisco; he always and persistently denied to me having any knowledge in regard to them, except he stated that on the day or the day after (and I forget which) of the murder of Mr. Hill that he was in Silver City and there met Douglass and Dillon, and suspecting them of having committed the offense asked them about it, when one of them asked him up to drink, and as they approached the bar partially opened a pocket-book, exposing some greenbacks, and in reply to Millian's remark said: "W[illegible] this, and that damned son of a bitch is in hell, and we intend to leave the country at once," and after drinking they left the house, mounted their horses and rode away in the direction of Carson, this being the last he ever saw of them. Millian always denied to me that he was the man that Martha Camp testified was in the house, and which led to his arrest, and has since his arrest until now in all of his conversations and confessions told this same story without variation.

As it has been rumored that he made other confessions admitting other crimes, and that I had protected him and concealed many things that should have been made public, I make this public through this letter of mine to you, and wish to be understood and believed that it is just what, and *all*, John Millain has ever confessed or admitted to me; and this I had his permission to make public, which I do, giving you the benefit of the same if you can realize anything from it.

CHARLES E. DeLONG,
Attorney for John Millian.

VIRGINIA, Nev., April 23, A. D., 1868.

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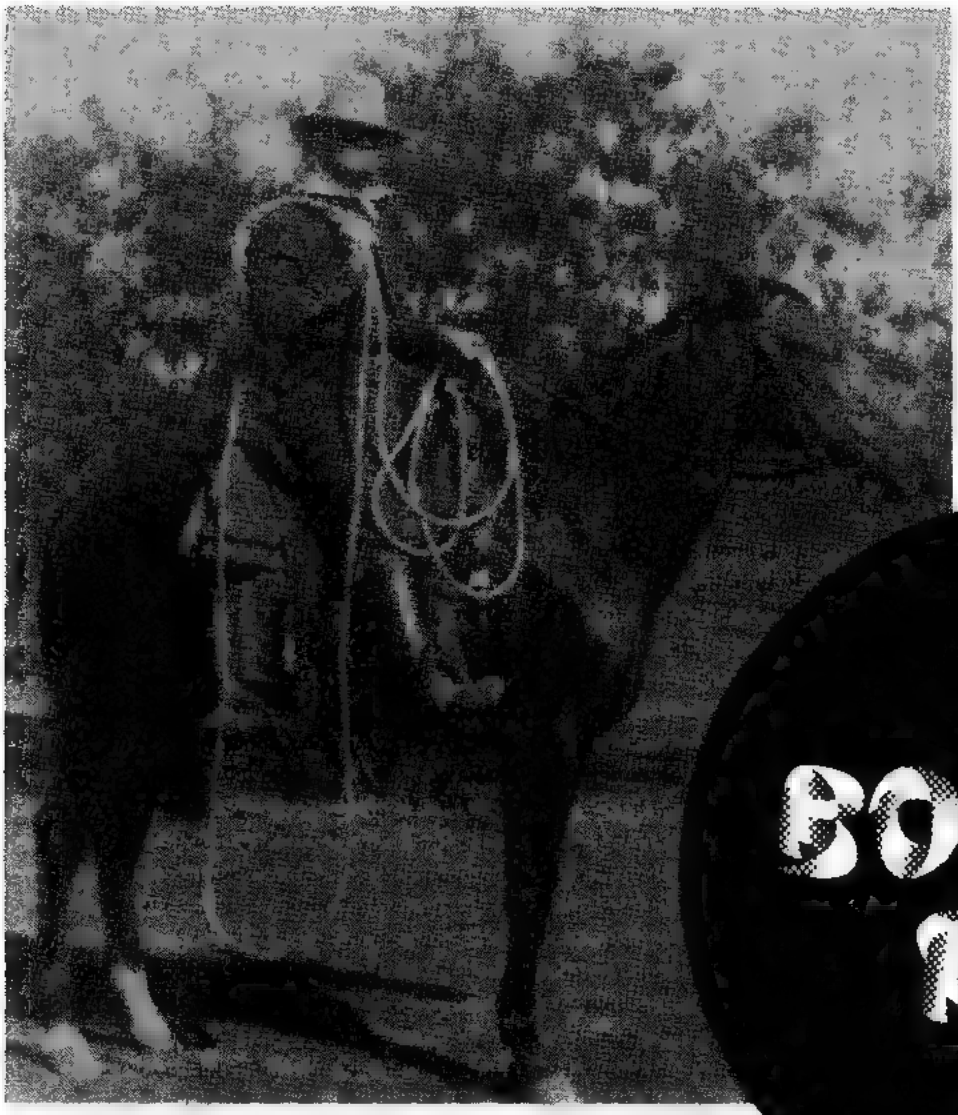


Photo Courtesy National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center

"Booger Red," champion rider and roper, mounted on Traveler. Photo by Hartung in 1902.

Outside his family no one has ever known very much about this great rider —the only business he minded was his own!

BOOGER RED

Originally published in the San Angelo (Texas) Morning Times, April 25, 1953; reprinted in Hunter's Frontier Times.

WHEN Ringling Brothers Circus opened in New York City's Madison Square Garden this week there was a buzz of excitement at 1709 South Van Buren Street, this city. For one of the star acts of the show features Ella Linton, nee Ella Privett, a resin back rider of great skill and charm. She is a San Angelo girl, the daughter of the late Tom (Booger Red) Privett whose widow and some other children reside at the Van Buren address.

In a room with walls covered with pictures of circus folk in action, sits Mrs. Privett, a calm mother of many circus stars and the life companion of the great Booger Red, most famous of Texas Wild West showmen. Present at the brick residence was Luther Privett, one time Hagenbeck and Wallace star; Alta, who trouped with the big shows as an equestrienne until she suffered a broken leg from which she has not recovered fully; and seventeen-year-old William Privett, who won more money than any other jockey in Cuba last season and who, after two years of riding in the big races, finds the thrill vanished.

Booger Red has been dead for about eight years, but there his unsmiling picture hangs on the wall, snapped on his favorite mount, Traveler, in San Francisco, when he won at the age of fifty-eight the honors for being the best wild horse rider at San Francisco's Panama Exposition in 1915. In another room is his famous $750 saddle won at the same contest, or rodeo as it would be called today.The silver on the saddle lacks some of the brightness of eighteen years ago and there is a scratch on the saddle, which Mrs. Privett remembers worried her husband a great deal. The cut was made by a spur of Booger Red when Montana Gyp, a famous bucking horse, gave another pitch as the rider began to dismount and the spur dug into the leather.

Now Montana Gyp was named by Booger Red from the same boiling vocabulary that baptized his bronco mounts with rich nicknames equaled today only by the language of gangsters. Booger Red met this horse at the old San Angelo fairgrounds not long after the 20th century came along. He had been imported from the Northwest by a man who bet his bankroll that the Booger could not ride him. There were other bets, too, and Booger stayed on, collecting the cash

(Continued on page 40)

J. W. Pickens in 1902 when he first discovered the gold.

Arrow points out the cliff of gold—the Little Annie Mine.

JACK PICKENS
MAN WITH A SECRET

BY WAYNE T. WALKER
Photos Courtesy Author

Pickens had a cliff of gold right up till the day he died

Bowen House in Summitville (1927), where the gold was stored until shipped. Left to right: Judge Wiley, Ralph Ellithorpe, Jack Pickens, Brad Morse, Earl Wiley.

THERE ARE very few people who can keep a secret—about anything. They simply must tell someone. A man would have to be very special to keep a secret for twenty-four years, especially one involving a fortune in gold. Well, Jack Pickens did.

John Wesley Pickens was born in 1869 at Jonesboro, Tennessee and spent his boyhood there. At eighteen he joined the United States Army and saw service in the Ludlow strike near Trinidad, Colorado. A monument erected by the United Mine Workers marks the site of the massacre brought on by troops firing on the striking miners. Nauseated by this incident, Pickens left the service and headed for Cripple Creek during the early days of that camp.

After he had spent a year there without finding his fortune, young Pickens became impatient and began taking an interest in the talk about a more recent camp—Summitville. Finally, being single

Photo Courtesy State Historica Society of Colorado Library

Left: Summitville from Iron Springs, altitude 11,300 ft. Photo by J. J. Cornish, Del Norte. Above: Partners in the "gold cliff": Jack Pickens and Judge Jesse Wiley.

and having nothing to hold him back, Pickens decided to move on to the new high country mining district. It was approximately 120 miles to Summitville over a rough wagon road.

Pickens found the new mining camp on South Mountain seething with activity. During the brief summer months the district was beautiful in all its alpine glory, but was no place to be during the long drawn-out winter season. Snowfalls came often in September and piled one on top of another until June; by that time, the small cabins had almost disappeared under its white mantle. Only the hardy remained to battle the winters and dig gold.

From 1893 the fate of Jack Pickens was bound up with Summitville, high in the San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado. He prospected; he leased claims; he hired out to men like E. A. Reynolds who had a sizable operation in the district—but he never ended up with more than average wages at the end of a season.

IN the summer of 1902 "Lady Fortune" seemed to take notice of the big, hard-working man from Tennessee. On the 6th of July Pickens was married to a wonderful woman who lived in Del Norte. Since he was working in a small shaft on the Aztec claim at Summitville, they made their first home in a cabin about two miles from the claim across a little creek.

Shortly after his marriage Pickens was on his way to work one morning when he came across a lot of slide rock on the old trail leading from the Winchester Mine to the Highland Mary, across the Little Annie ground, about 400 feet below where the butte stuck out. Pickens noticed one rock in particular that was protruding from the slide and broke off a chunk of it about the size of his head.

Pickens' eyes almost popped from his head—inside were masses of gold! There was only one place this slide rock could have come from and that was straight up the steep mountainside where the butte was jutting forth.

Several days later, when he was sure no one was watching, he climbed up to the butte and began searching for the source. Pickens had started down again when the loose rock began to slide. To steady himself, he grabbed a low, heavy pine branch, which kept him from falling with the moving rocks.

As he started to get to his feet, he noticed the exposed ground under the branch he was holding. Before him was an outcropping of gold, most of it covered with moss from exposure to the elements. Quickly he covered all of the gold that showed and eased the branch back into its original position. It was the find he had often dreamed about, but he could do nothing until he obtained a lease. Until this was accomplished, he must keep the location a secret—leaving it absolutely untouched.

PICKENS hurried back to his job in the Aztec, filled with glowing anticipation. But there were many restless days and nights ahead, for it was quickly apparent that it was not going to be an easy matter to secure a lease on the property. The Summitville district was in the center of a geological "golden triangle," with the camps of Summitville, Platoro and Jasper comprising its three points. Any land in this triangle was considered worth hanging onto in case a strike should be made.

When the veins in the Summitville district played out, as all natural resources eventually do, prospectors, miners and mine operators pulled up stakes and sought richer fields, leaving Summitville to become another ghost town. The once pretentious buildings and six mills crumpled into decay.

To make matters worse, circumstances had brought about a hard-nosed controversy with A. E. Reynolds, the man who owned the location of the secret gold. Pickens won the lawsuit in which the two men were embroiled, but in doing so he

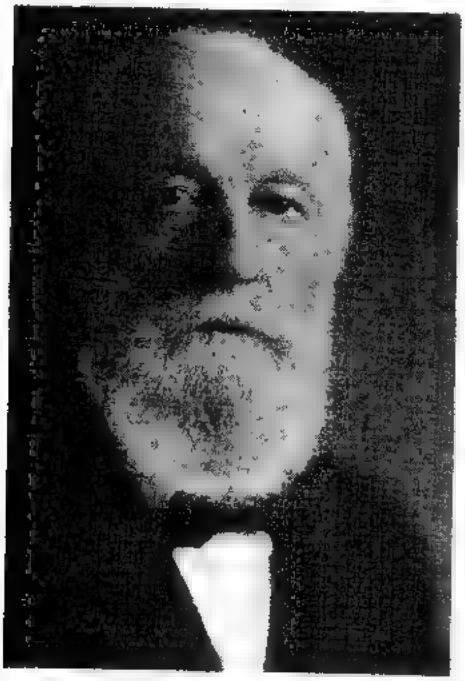


Photo Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado Library

Left: Albert Eugene Reynolds, the man who forced Jack Pickens to keep his secret by not giving him a lease. Above: L to R: Jess Sprague, Philip Bingle, Jack Pickens and brother Jay Pickens from Jonesboro, Tennessee.

incurred the wrath of Reynolds forevermore.

By this time the Pickens family was living in Del Norte, about thirty miles northeast of Summitville in the beautiful San Luis Valley. Every year Pickens would return to the "cliff of gold" to see if anyone had discovered it, telling his family he was going to check his cabin.

During one of these sojourns, he found that a professor from the Colorado School of Mines had brought a group of his students into camp to study the district. They settled down to their endeavors for three weeks, and Pickens was almost afraid to breathe as he watched their movements through his binoculars. The highly energetic students climbed the face of South Mountain, taking samples from every mining dump and every imaginable spot—except one!

At last, Pickens watched them load the ore sample and camp gear into a wagon and depart down that mountain road. He almost fainted with the relief that flooded his body. His secret remained undiscovered.

Over the years Pickens sought out Reynolds and tried to settle their differences. He even persuaded various people to attempt to obtain the lease from Reynolds for him, but the old man was too sharp. He would ask, "Are you trying to get this lease for Jack Pickens? If you are, the answer is the same."

Meanwhile, Pickens had a large family to support—six girls and three boys. He worked at the Creede mining camp, at Wagon Wheel Gap, and leased claims to work in the Summitville area that were owned by people other than Reynolds. Time began crowding him; he started feeling the effects of all those years of toil in the various mine fields. Gray came to his hair and his steps became shorter.

The large properties in the Summitville district had been owned and patented by the Reynolds and Barnsdale families, including the "gold cliff" and the land immediately adjacent. In 1921 A. E. Reynolds died, leaving everything to Anna R. Morse, his daughter and only heir. She was married to Bradish P. Morse of the Morse Brothers Machinery Company. Morse handled the various interests of the Reynolds estate after the death of his father-in-law.

When Pickens read in the paper about District Judge Jesse C. Wiley being acquainted with Bradish Morse, he was inspired with a last desperate plan to obtain the desired property.

L to R: Brad Morse, Earl Wiley, Ralph Ellithorpe, Jack Pickens, the cook (name unknown), and Judge Wiley.

JUDGE WILEY listened with fascination as Pickens related his problem. When he realized that the miner was adamant in his determination not to reveal the location of his discovery until he had leases signed and in his hand, he agreed to approach Bradish Morse about securing a lease on the Reynolds land. Since some of the adjacent property was part of the Barnsdale estate, he would also attempt to obtain leases on it. In return he wanted half-interest in the leases and also, before any division of possible profits, all debts of Pickens and himself were

to be paid out of the first proceeds of their mining operations.

Pickens thought this sounded reasonable enough, especially since he had no alternative. He agreed, and Judge Wiley went to work. Finally, in 1926, Judge Wiley was able to secure a five-year lease on all the ground owned by both estates. The heirs had no interest in mining and the land was lying idle. According to Mrs. Hazel Bond, who recorded the claim for Pickens and Wiley, the miner broke down when he learned that after twenty-four years the legalities were finally cleared.

After all the legal work was taken care of, the two partners had located on forty-five claims under the title of the Summitville Gold Mining Corporation. During the first week of July 1927, Pickens took Judge Wiley to Summitville and after climbing up to the butte, showed him the exposed gold in the side of the cliff.

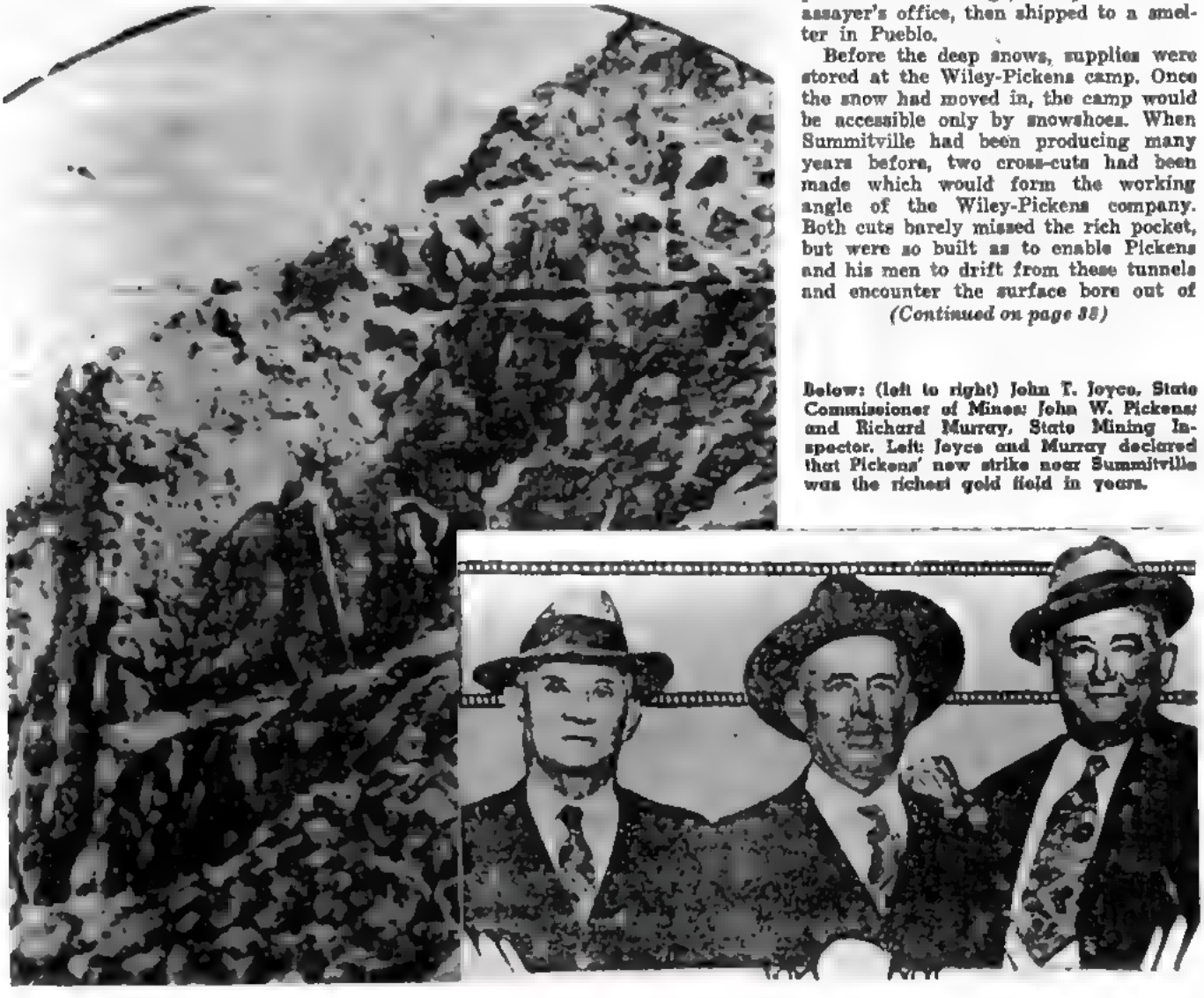
Trying to beat the early snows Pickens, his son Cecil, and other men went right to work on the cliff of gold. The cliff was on Little Annie ground where the first ore in that district was struck in 1870. These new bonanza seekers went down from the top, and by first snow had an ore shoot which was "about twelve feet by twelve feet and went almost straight down with the picture values in a center core from one foot to two and one-half feet wide right through the twelve feet of shoot. The whole shoot is good shipping ore but that two-foot core is simply a wonder." (From the Denver *Post* of December 15, 1927.)

Winter of 1927-28 at Summitville. Everything lies buried under a mantle of snow.

From this hole, which was only sixteen feet deep in its entirety, Pickens and Wiley realized approximately twenty-two tons of high grade ore, valued at $102,-000. The lode was mined by hand, the ore packed in locked bags, transported to the assayer's office, then shipped to a smelter in Pueblo.

Before the deep snows, supplies were stored at the Wiley-Pickens camp. Once the snow had moved in, the camp would be accessible only by snowshoes. When Summitville had been producing many years before, two cross-cuts had been made which would form the working angle of the Wiley-Pickens company. Both cuts barely missed the rich pocket, but were so built as to enable Pickens and his men to drift from these tunnels and encounter the surface bore out of

(Continued on page 38)



Below: (left to right) John T. Joyce, State Commissioner of Mines; John W. Pickens; and Richard Murray, State Mining Inspector. Left: Joyce and Murray declared that Pickens' new strike near Summitville was the richest gold field in years.

Water Witching

(Continued from page 3)

those limbs until my fingers turned white. I'd always had a sneaking feeling that a person could sort of loosen his grip and those limbs would just naturally turn in his hands. Well, there was no more wonderment in my mind about whether the method works or not when we reached that designated vein of water! It was a creepy feeling like maybe you were walking by a graveyard at night—you didn't believe in ghosts but there was one crossing the trail ahead of you just as plain as the nose on a man's face.

I'd heard about a cold chill running up your spine under certain unusual circumstances, and I felt that chill when the top of the Y started slowly down with me looking square at the limbs in my hands and being dead sure they weren't turning for any other reason than of their own free will. When the top of that stick was pointing down it felt like the hair on my head was pointing straight up. I'll never forget that thrill as long as I live!

Papa dug the well. It was a strong vein of water and it is still right there today flowing away as strong as the day Uncle Jim found it.

I will leave all the whys and the wherefores to the experts. They talk about an electric factor, chemicals in the body and a mess of other reasons. I'll leave well enough alone and remember way back to that dry, hot day when my Uncle Jim made a believer out of me. And nobody can tell me to this day that he didn't have some sort of magical powers when it came to water witching. I was there and I saw it.—Joe "Hosstail" Small.

Photo Courtesy Ford Green

Most Texas' present Water Witching Champion, Chester Burrier of Stockdale. He recently performed his "divining stick magic" at the Institute of Texan Cultures in San Antonio during the August Folklife Festival. Besides being a genius at finding water, it is rumored that Chester can cure a corn, wart, or similar ailment by stuffing a certain scrap of paper in his pockets!

P. S. *Sonofagundoggone!* I got my mind so far back there, witching for water, that I nearly forgot this is the last time I'll get a chance to try and hornswoggle you into taking advantage of our Special Gift Rates. I've said everything I know to say about rising prices, etc. (just like you didn't already know) in "Let's Gripe Together" on page 3 of the December TRUE WEST. If you missed it, please look it up—I've just *got* to unload on inflation now and then.

Sometimes I can't resist grabbing a handful of letters and going through them before the girls in our Circulation Department process them. In the last batch one lady ordered ten gift subscriptions, saying it was the best, most economical and surely the easiest way of sending her kin and friends gifts that she knows they'll appreciate. She even extended her own subscription two years, saying that she wasn't going to risk a rate increase. So don't miss our offer on page 33—and thanks!

Also turn to page 65 and note the lineup on our BEST OF TRUE WEST Special. I worked my hunkus off (we all did) on this one. There are 64 pages of solid stories—no advertising. Many of you have written that you can't get or afford copies of those early issues but would surely like to read what's in them. Well, here's a big fat sampling! And for you who have written, "How I wish I'd saved those old copies and kept a collection for my kids and grandchildren!" this is a chance to start. If this one sells well, we'll keep it up.

This BEST OF TRUE WEST Special should be on the stands now. If you can't find a copy, send a buck to Circulation Department, Western Rags, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764 and we'll send one pronto.

Now I'll try and sign off again.—Hoss

Spotted Wolf

(Continued from page 11)

send for help from Fort Dodge. A man slipped away and headed for the fort, but when the troops did not arrive as quickly as expected, Lee and his two friends decided that the only thing they could do would be to give the chief a fast horse and pray that he would make it on his own.

BOB WRIGHT slipped out to the company stable, picked the fastest horses in the string, and led them to the north door of the lean-to. As he started to open the door, he looked up and froze in his tracks. About a hundred yards away was a dance hall, and as Wright looked in that direction he saw a large number of men pointing their rifles in his direction. "I knew those fellows had nothing against me," he wrote years later, "but I was afraid one of the guns might go off by accident, and wished right there that the ground would sink down deep enough to cover me from the range of their guns. I led the horses back into the stable. . . ."

There appeared to be no escape. The buffalo hunters were incredibly patient. They waited silently through the afternoon. In the meantime Sally McCarty prepared a meal for Spotted Wolf and the others, while the frightened Carrie Rath watched the mob from her window.

Evening darkness was beginning to fall when the beseiged men decided on a plan. By then it was clear that the army wasn't coming to the rescue, and Sally McCarty had seen the hunters all lined up in a row, leaning against the wall of Rath and Wright's store.

Bob Wright slipped out the back door and brought around Lee's wagon and team while Spotted wolf exchanged his clothes for one of Charlie Rath's suits. When Wright pulled up to the east door, Lee and Spotted Wolf slipped quickly under the stack of buffalo hides on the back, and Wright whipped the horses across the Santa Fe tracks, turning in the direction of Fort Dodge at a dead run.

The hunters scrambled for their horses, yelling and cursing in the confusion. Within seconds they were thundering out of town in pursuit of the wagon. Wright was a quarter of a mile ahead, with the mob closing fast, when he saw a miracle in the closing darkness. It was too good to be true—right out of the dime novels—but there they were, twelve troopers from Fort Dodge under the command of Captain Tullius C. Tupper. Wright drew up the team and greeted Tupper as the soldiers charged past and the hide hunters scattered.

At the fort Wright told the story to Captain Edward Moale who penned the following report to headquarters:

" . . . on the morning of the 27th instant I received a communication from Mr. R. M. Wright informing me that an Indian was in the town of Dodge City and that bodily harm was threatened him by the citizens and asking that I should send a detachment to conduct him in safety to the Fort. I immediately sent an officer and twelve men and when within a quarter of a mile of the town they met a carriage containing Mr. Wright, Mr. Lee, and the Indian. I am informed by the former that they had great difficulty in saving his life . . . from the mob. The Indian proved to be Spotted Wolf who accompanied Mr. Lee, firm of Lee and Reynolds, Post Traders, Camp Supply, who has been on the different creeks near Supply trading with the Indians. Mr. Lee informs me that Spotted Wolf accompanies him, and his carriage upsetting early yesterday morning he brought the Indian into town for the purpose of having his wounds dressed and that he did not bring him into the post of Fort Dodge knowing it was against Department orders.

"I directed Mr. Lee to return with Spotted Wolf to his Camp this day."

THAT was it, as far as the army was concerned, but the boys in Dodge talked about Spotted Wolf's adventure for weeks thereafter. Bob Wright, who probably would have challenged Moale's

(Continued on page 36)

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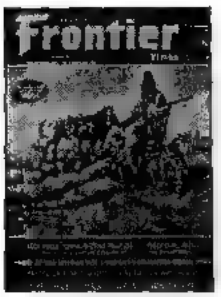
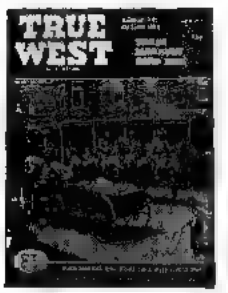
LAST CALL!

WE'RE GOING UP... WE HAVE TO!

OLD MAN INFLATION KEEPS NIBBLING AWAY!





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Wild Old Days!

THE LITTLE PROSPECTOR WHO DIDN'T COME BACK

By Carl M. Dunrud

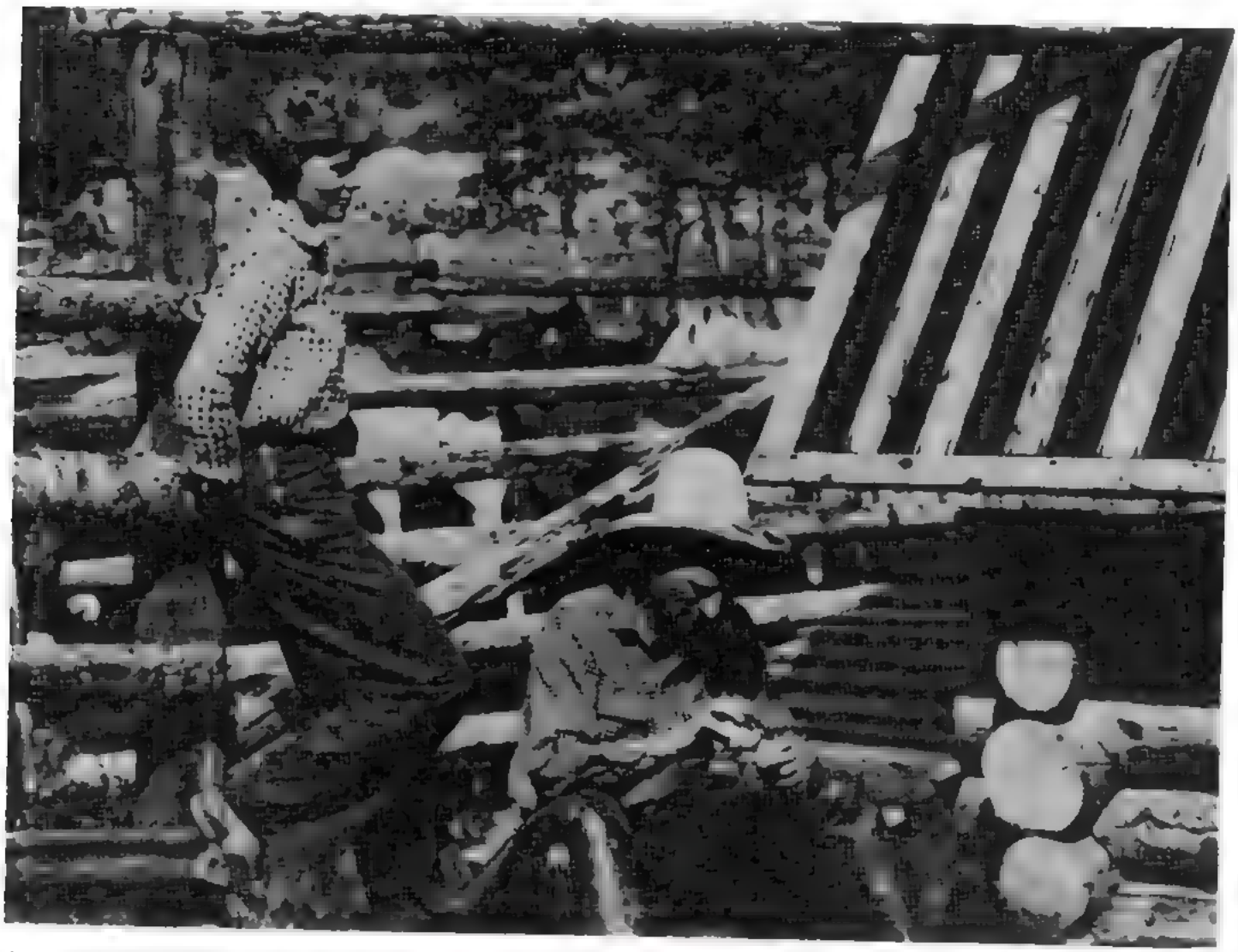
TO Wyoming friends of Amelia Earhart, the following invitations went out "You are cordially invited to attend the ceremonies, dedicating a monument, commemorating the residence of the world famous aviatrix in the State of Wyoming just prior to her tragic round-the-world flight. Sunday, September 24, 1972, on Highway 120 at Meeteetse, Wyoming, 2:p.m."

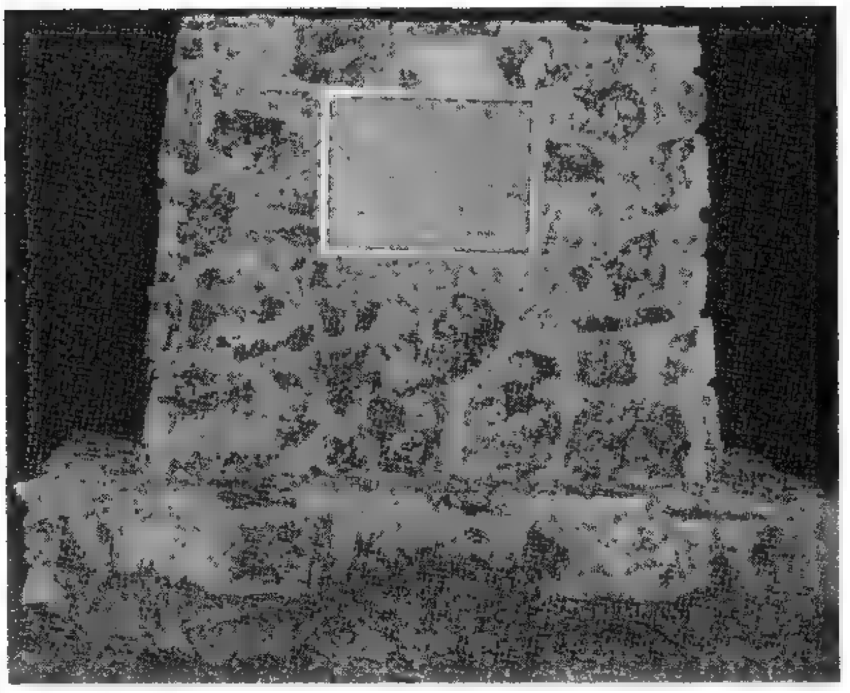
In 1934 while my wife and I were in the dude-ranch business near Meeteetse, we had among our guests some very celebrated people. Our most renowned was Amelia Earhart.

While I was a ranger in the Yellowstone Park in the early twenties, I had guided Amelia's husband, George Palmer Putnam, two summers on packtrips in and around Yellowstone Park. Putnam loved the outdoors so much that he wanted Amelia to have the experience of living in a tent to see how she liked it.

Amelia drove her little air-cooled Franklin car from New York to our Double Dee Ranch. She had hoped to evade cameras and newsmen en route to Wyoming, so she stayed pretty much in the car while her husband filled the car with gas. She made it all the way to Douglas, Wyoming, less than two hundred miles from her destination, without detection. But there the attendant asked, "Aren't you Amelia Earhart?"

Amelia Earhart and the author at the Double Dee.





Left: Sitting high on the fence. Amelia Earhart and Carl Dunrud. Above: Memorial to Amelia.

Amelia's first experience in Cody, where the streets are real wide, was when she turned around on Main Street and was stopped by a policeman, Carl Hammitt. While writing out a ticket, it dawned on Hammitt that he had heard that name before. He tore up the ticket and wished her well on her travels.

We met the couple at Meeteetse so we could guide them to our ranch at 8,200 feet elevation. Amelia's car refused to climb the last hill until we souped up the carburetor, which was set at sea level.

After five days at the ranch, we outfitted and took our guests on a two-weeks packtrip into the mountains in the Shoshone National Forest. Even though it turned out to be a rainy spell, part of the time, Amelia loved it all. She liked her horse, and horseback riding. She talked of the joy of living in the stillness, the quiet beauty of the mountains. She spent hours with field glasses, watching young lambs of mountain sheep romp and play on distant mountaintops. She was always looking for some adventure she had never tried before, so she trout-fished from horseback. I freed the fish from her hook. Before she left for New York, she stated, "I want to live here sometime."

Amelia filed a mining claim, adjoining our patented mineral land, and asked if we would do discovery work on her claim and build her a four-room log cabin. The cabin site she chose is on the bank of Wood River, with a waterfall to lull one to sleep at night. At the edge of the stream, facing the sun, is a hollowed out bathtub in the solid rock bottom, made by high water moving rocks and gravel.

To the south, only a hundred yards away, is the foot of Mount Sniffell, hovering 11,962 feet above sea level, casting a mid-afternoon shadow over the cabin site. A couple stones' throw to the north looms 12,449-foot Mount Crosby, where mountain sheep come down a few hundred feet for shelter when a storm is brewing. This would be Amelia's barometer—a warning to lay in some groceries.

Here Amelia, who had been named the Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor and who had won the United States Distinguished Flying Cross, would find privacy and peace. She would be out of the limelight focused on her since 1928 when she became the first woman to fly the Atlantic.

BEFORE Amelia left on her last tragic flight, she sent many of her personal things to be stored at our ranch until she could enjoy them at her cabin. One item she sent out was her flight coat, worn when she flew the Atlantic. She considered the garment a "roughing it" coat. She also sent out a fine buffalo coat that had been given to her by actor William S. Hart. A note attached said, "To you, Carl. I know of no one that can put this to better use then you." The coats are now in the Whitney Gallery of Western Arts at Cody, Wyoming.

The construction of Amelia's cabin was only four logs high when word came that she was lost. Work stopped, pending further outcome. Now, almost forty years later, those walls have rotted and are falling down. Soon there wouldn't have been anything but a pile of wood to remember Amelia by, if the community hadn't been so cooperative while my wife and I were more than two years spearheading the construction of a memorial to her.

There were some mixed opinions about where the memorial should be built. Finally, rather than building it at the cabin site which is almost 9,400 feet elevation, where it snows five months out of the year, and where there is danger of vandalism, it was built in Meeteetse on a main highway, overlooking the country she loved so much.

THE DYE SCHEME

By Diane P. Muro

SACRAMENTO was a Wild West town in the 1870s. Her residents often had to depend on eight rugged men for their very lives. These policemen, although they wore no uniforms, were a familiar sight as they walked their beat twelve hours a day, seven days a week.

With only a whistle for communication and without the scientific investigative techniques of today, they were to be faced with the most diabolical murder plot ever planned in the West.

In the late afternoon of August 1, 1878, Old Man Aaron M. Tullis, a retired capitalist, was pruning the orchard trees on his 667-acre island domain. It was rumored that he had no relatives to inherit his $100,000 fortune. Except for his Chinese houseboy, Tullis lived alone on the island.

A small rowboat containing two men glided silently toward Grand Island. Several persons saw the two strangers but were not alarmed. Rowboats were no novelty on the Sacramento River. A short time later, two shots were heard by people who lived along the riverbank opposite the island. "Old Man Tullis hunting again," they thought.

(Continued on page 46)

Spotted Wolf and the Dodge City Toughs

(Continued from page 32)

choice of the word "immediately," told the story with relish in later years, labeling the episode "the greatest excitement ever caused in Dodge." The Rath family remembered the story too, passing it down to children and grandchildren.

Charles Rath apparently accompanied Lee and Spotted Wolf back to their camp. He was gone for nearly a week, and when he returned he brought a pair of beaded moccasins for his wife, a gift from Spotted Wolf to the one who had been so frightened by the whole experience. Carrie Rath must have smiled about that, but she left Dodge a short time later to have her first child nearer to civilization.

In the years that followed, the story was recounted in vivid detail, but in the telling some of the facts were clouded. When Robert Wright wrote *Dodge City, the Cowboy Capital*, he described Spotted Wolf simply as a Cheyenne chief whom Lee wished to impress with civilization. Rath family tradition, as reported by Mrs. Ida Ellen Rath, in her biography of Charles Rath, *The Rath Trail*, names the chief Spotted Tail, the famous Brule Sioux. According to this version, Spotted Tail was sent by the Cheyennes to warn Rath not to build a trading post at Adobe Walls in Texas. It is unclear how the Cheyennes would have known of Rath's intentions, and highly improbable that they would have sent such a message had they known. At any rate, Spotted Tail's activities for that fall are accounted for, and they did not include a trip to Dodge City.

Rath apparently did discuss his plans for a base in the buffalo country of Texas with Lee and Spotted Wolf, with the latter warning him that the southern plains tribes would respond with violence to white intrusion there. Spotted Wolf was probably the Arapaho chief by that name (although there was a Southern Cheyenne warrior and a prominent Northern Cheyenne chief by the same name). Spotted Wolf, the Arapaho, had long been a spokesman for peace with the whites. In 1863 he had visited Washington, where he shook the hand of President Lincoln. He was one of the four principal Arapaho chiefs who signed the Treaty of Medicine Lodge in 1867. The year before the Dodge City incident he had been recommended for a medal by his agent for his efforts to maintain peace, and later when the Indian Territory and the Texas Panhandle erupted into the Red River War, Spotted Wolf worked diligently to avert the conflict. He captured white horse-thieves, and testified against whiskey peddlers in the federal court at Topeka. It was typical of his character that he warned Rath against the Adobe Walls venture, and after the near disaster at Adobe Walls in 1874, Charles Rath always said that he should have listened to Spotted Wolf. The chief's many efforts to forestall violence add a touch of irony to his reception in Dodge City.

Dodge was soon involved in a deadly winter that saw the emergence of a vigilance committee determined to control the roughnecks. Kirk Jordan remained a leader of the rowdies, and in March 1873, took a couple of shots at Billy Brooks in a personal quarrel. He was soon back on the buffalo range and later drifted into horse stealing. In 1874 he left Kansas and eventually was killed in a hunting accident near Memphis, Tennessee.

A year after the Spotted Wolf incident, a delegation of Southern Cheyenne and Arapaho chiefs visited Dodge and learned that things had not improved much. The chiefs were en route back to their reservation in the Territory, after a visit to Washington where they conferred with President Grant about the encroachments of buffalo hunters and whiskey runners on Indian lands. The meeting had not been completely satisfactory, and Agent John D. Miles was anxious to get the chiefs home. Unfortunately, the box car carrying the Indians' horses was sent to Wichita, instead of Dodge, and Agent Miles found himself in the unenviable position of being stuck in Dodge City with a group of very important Indians. He applied for horses from Fort Dodge and got a run-around.

Wearily, he tried to find quarters for the chiefs but no one would rent him rooms. In the meantime, some of the local boys gathered at the depot where the Indians were patiently waiting. Someone threw red pepper and gunpowder into the depot stove which sent the chiefs choking and coughing into the snowstorm outside. For two days the Indians were forced to stay in an unheated box car while they waited for horses from Wichita. To make matters worse, some of the town sports slipped whiskey to them and succeeded in getting several roaring drunk.

Perhaps, in a strange sort of way, Dodge City had mellowed. No attempt was made on the Indians' lives. But as the chiefs departed Dodge for the south, riding past the mountains of buffalo hides stacked by the railroad tracks, it was clear that even as their way of life was dying, the day of the hide men was passing too. Soon all that would remain would be the fear and the hate engendered by memories of bitter moments like a cold December afternoon in Dodge City.

The Shoot-Out

(Continued from page 19)

lose the gun if I was ever held up again. I assured him I would not.

That night after closing the store, we rigged up our devices. I installed my bell under the cash register. I put the alarm button under a strip on the counter, putting a spring under it so it would not be rung accidentally. I was careful to put the wires where they could not be found easily. We drilled a hole through the floor and stretched the wires to the two buildings. I then dug a narrow, shallow trench and buried them. My confederate kept watch as I did the digging. We did not want anyone to know of our "mutual protection alarm system."

I then made a little shelf for the gun, which was a .32 automatic. I spent some time in designing the shelf so I could get the gun quickly, if needed, and where it would not fall. I put it under the counter near the cash register. Anyone not knowing it was there would have to stoop very low to see it. After closing the store at night I would turn out the lights, remove the magazine and the shell in the barrel and practice getting the gun in firing position as quickly as possible.

As a further precautionary measure, I got some phony checks, most of them on local banks. Some were made to me, some to the store, some were "second party" checks. I made two lists of them, kept one hidden in the store and the other I sent to my uncle, telling him what they were and what they were for in case "anything happened." At night I would remove almost all the money from the cash register and hide it, and put in the checks. I hoped if I was held up I might convince the highjackers that the checks were why there was no more money. If I could not convince them, I might use the checks to catch the hold-up man or men when and if they tried to cash them, and if "anything happened," well, they might be very valuable clues.

I WAS READY for the bandits, and I didn't have long to wait. It was a hot summer night. School was out and my brother, who was twelve years old, had come out to visit me for a few days. He was asleep. I was sitting by the cash register, writing a letter to a girl friend, when a man dashed into the front door, wearing a mask and with an automatic pistol in each hand. I don't think it was the man who had held me up the first time, but it might have been.

I instantly obeyed his "stick 'em up" command, and hit the alarm button with my foot. His next words were, "Where's your gun?" I told him I did not have a gun. He said I was lying and if I didn't tell him where my gun was, he was going to kill me.

I didn't think it possible for anyone to be as scared as I was, and as mad at the same time. I was determined not to tell. Surely my friend would come to my rescue any second now!

He repeated his threat, then searched me, taking my billfold. I was in shirt sleeves, so there was no possibility of my having a concealed weapon.

He took the money from my billfold, two or maybe three dollars and one of the phony checks I had prepared. He pocketed the money and threw the billfold and the checks to the floor. He asked me again about the gun, repeated his threats, and opened the cash register.

There was perhaps five dollars in change and maybe eight or nine dollars in bills. I had hidden the rest. "Where's your money?" he demanded. I told him that was all I had, I had paid some accounts that afternoon and sent the rest to the bank (which was not true). I had perhaps two or three hundred dollars hidden in the store.

The hold-up man made me lie on the floor, and threatened to beat me to death

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if I didn't tell him where my gun and money were hidden. I insisted I had no gun and that he had all the money.

Why I did what I did, I will never know. Stubbornness? Partly, but stupidity would be a better explanation. Surely help would be here any second now—like in the movies, where the cavalry comes over the hill at the last possible second!

Then I heard a voice behind me, from outside the window on the side saying, "Come on, somebody's coming. Look under the counter by the cash register for the gun."

That put a different light on things. There were two of them. My tormentor looked where he was told, took the gun and dashed out the front door. A second later it sounded as if a new war had started. At least 30 or 40 shots were fired.

I distinguished the boom of the .41 firing two shots. Then my ally came in, saying his gun had misfired on the third shot. He was in the light, the others were in the dark, so he had beaten a strategic retreat.

I had seen the flashes from where the highjackers were shooting, so I grabbed the six-shooter, dashed outside and fired the other two cartridges at where they had been.

People began coming to see what all the shooting was about. One was a good friend, a barber we called Pat. Pat had a pistol.

"Give me that gun, Pat," I said. "I want to kill those two s-o-bs!"

To my complete surprise, Pat refused to let me have his gun. At last I had someone to take out my rage and frustration on. I have never talked to anyone the way I talked to that barber. I called him a lot of names, none complimentary.

Pat didn't say anything. He just laughed. But he didn't let me have his gun.

Just then my brother came out of the store rubbing his eyes. "What was all that shooting about?" he asked.

WE WENT back into the store and my friend told me his story. "When I heard the alarm go off, I got my gun and went out the back door to scout around and get the lay of the land."

I had to admit to myself that had been the right thing to do. I would not have thought of it, but then I had never been in combat.

"I went around the corner and saw the second man watching you through the window," my friend continued, "and knew he might shoot you if I shot the one inside. I went back to the corner by the front door and waited there for the man who was holding you up to come out. I was going to knock him in the head with my gun, then go around the corner and take the other man by surprise."

That sounded like good strategy to me. "What happened?" I asked.

"There was a little stool there by the door, and I stumbled over it when I jumped to knock the man in the head. I fell to my knees and the man shot at me several times—and how he missed me I will never know. When he ran, I scrambled up and shot two times at him, but my gun misfired, and you know the rest."

It all sounded very reasonable. We had no outside lights, and the stool was where he had described it. All at once a nervous reaction hit me. I had to sit down, or I might have fallen.

When my neighbor left, I got up—with an effort, it is true—and locked the door, turned out the lights and sat down to think.

What had happened was unreal. Almost impossible. But it had happened. All that shooting, and no one hurt. How? Was it that our guardian angels were working overtime that night? Or was there another, more logical explanation? How had the man outside the window known exactly where to look for my gun? Eventually I went to bed. It took some time, but I finally fell into a troubled sleep.

I got up very early the next morning and examined the place where my neighbor had fallen and the first shooting had taken place. I found absolutely no evidence that any shots had gone into the ground. But the ground was sandy, and a lot of people had tramped around there the night before.

In fact, I didn't find any place a bullet had struck. Understandable, as there were no buildings in the line of fire, either way.

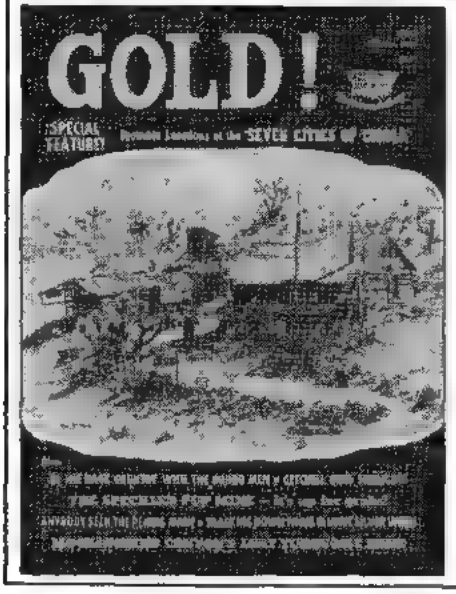
When my first customer came in I remembered I had hidden the money the night before, but for the life of me I couldn't remember where. I hid it in a different place almost every night—the sugar bin, bean bin, rice bin, in the potatoes, behind the canned goods, or somewhere. There was a considerable sum of it, and I eventually found it.

I went to Pat to apologize for the names I had called him the night before. "Think nothing of it," he said. "I knew you were mad. I was available and you took it out on me. But the state you were in, if I had given you my gun you might have killed someone, or someone might have killed you, and for the rest of my life I would have felt responsible."

I told him I agreed with him "this morning, but last night I didn't." I then thanked him for coming to my aid, and for not letting me have the gun.

As soon as I could, I went to town and bought another gun, a .380 Savage automatic, and a shoulder holster. I started wearing a vest all the time. At night there was a gun in the holster under the vest. I bought two more gasoline lanterns, and kept one in front of the store at night. The other one was put behind the store where I had a couple of tables for playing cards or dominoes. Also I fixed two places to pitch horseshoes outside. Inside the store I had a checker board. Everything was free, but there was to be no drinking or gambling.

After that I always had plenty of company at night, sold quite a bit of pop, candy, tobacco and cigars—enough to



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SPECIAL!

See page 65 for the lowdown on the first BEST OF TRUE WEST Special in our publishing history. Spread the word, please. If this one sells okay, there'll be more—stories from those scarce early issues that are pretty expensive collectors' items now.

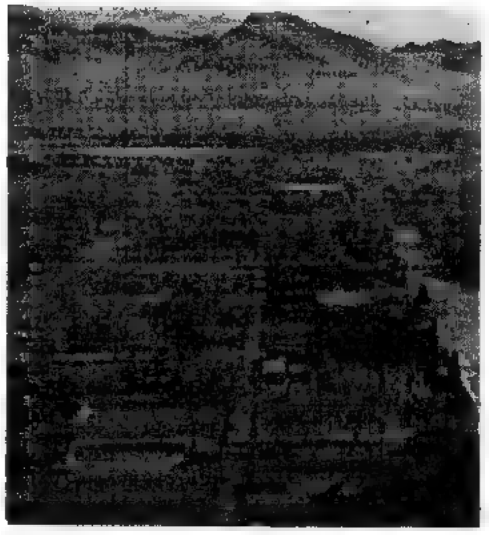
more than offset the small added costs of the lights.

A few months later I had a chance to sell the store and did. I was never bothered again, maybe because of the extra lights, the people, the gun I carried, or people thinking I might not be such an easy mark as they thought.

I went over the events of the night of the "shoot-out" a thousand times. The thing that bothered me most was the voice telling the highjacker where my gun was. Finally I made up my mind. My supposed "friend" next door had to be in on it. He and I were the only ones who knew where the gun was. He must have been the man at the window. All the shooting must have been in the air, except the two shots I fired. I was never able to decide, though, if there had been two men involved, or three.

Why did they do it? Was it a bona fide robbery, or was it in part a rough and dangerous joke that could have ended in tragedy? I never knew. Maybe it was both. Maybe neither. I could have been wrong.

I tried to remain as friendly as ever to the cafe owner. He sold out and left a very short time later. As long as I live, I will wonder if he decided I had figured out what had happened, and knew that I knew he was guilty. But I will never know—not for sure, at least.



House in Del Norte bought by Jack Pickens and remodeled in 1927 from his new-found wealth.

Jack Pickens—Man with a Secret

(Continued from page 31)

which they had already taken ore. This work on the tunnels would be done during the winter months.

Newspapers over the state had exploited the news of the Summitville District's again yielding that precious metal and predicting it would be coming back strong as a rich mining center. Pickens himself, in newspaper stories, estimated the field would be more than fifty miles in extent and stated he was making extensive development plans for the district.

However, it was evidently a fabulous *pocket* of gold—and that was all. Altogether about $200,000 was taken from the pocket for Jack Pickens' share, according to Cecil, his son. The family only realized about $60,000 of that sum. It is a mystery where the rest of his share disappeared.

Meantime Jack Pickens was slowly failing in health and the altitude on South Mountain (12,577 feet) affected him so that his trips there became less and less frequent. He took his family back to Tennessee on a visit to his old hometown, the longest vacation he had ever allowed himself. In Del Norte he bought his family a large, fine home. He became increasingly ill and at the age of sixty-five died in Del Norte in November 1933.

Up on South Mountain, the wintry winds still whine around the deserted prospect hole—the site of a 24-year secret carried by Jack Pickens.

▲ Panorama of Del Norte, Colorado.

◀ The "Golden Triangle."

▼ Jack Pickens in 1927.

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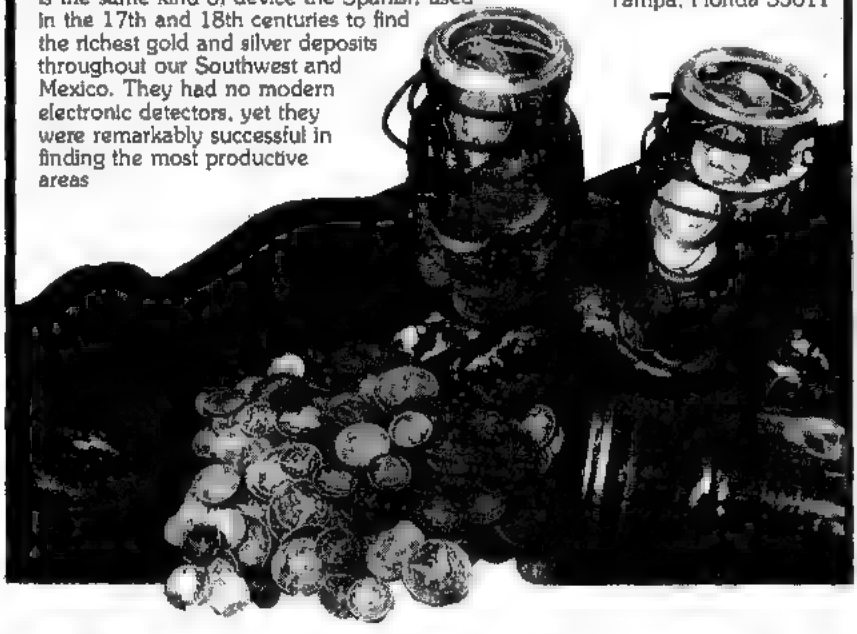

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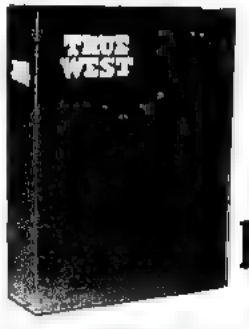

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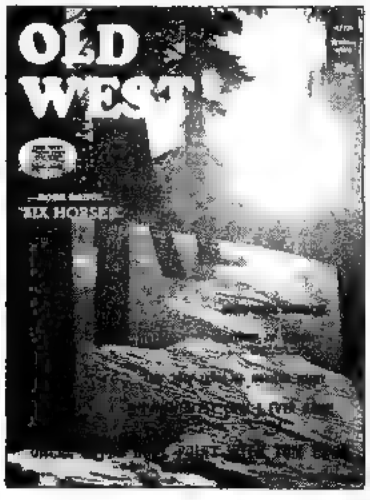
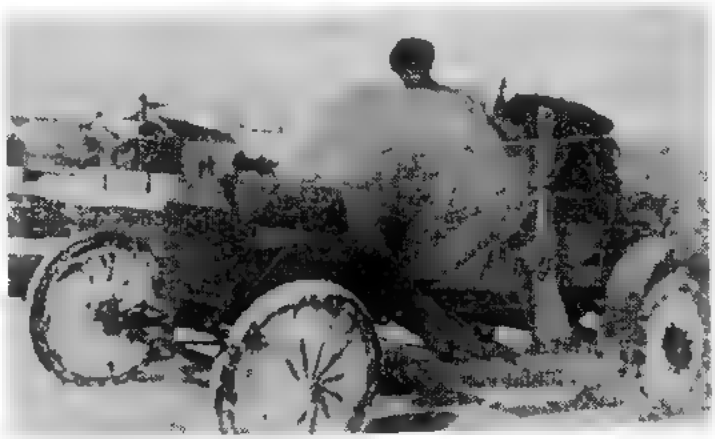


★★★

Clark Hankins is ready for the day's mail run. Taken near the Calhan Methodist Church.

"No delivery, no pay" —that old post-office rule made many an impassable road passable!



The wire wheels of Hankins' mail truck are still packed with snow from the run the day before. Notice the canvas windshield and the scoop shovel.

THE WHISTLING MAIL TRUCK

BY CLARK HANKINS as told to HANK GIVENS

Photos Courtesy Author

BACK in 1914 the U. S. Post Office had only one regulation for mail carriers —make an effort to get the mail through if you want to get paid.

That was the year that R. P. Wilson and I came up with the low bid on the Star Route out of Calhan, Colorado and bought a 1911 Model T Ford for me to make the run in, at a time when most traffic was horses, buggies and hayracks.

The weather in eastern Colorado hasn't changed much. The wind still blows across the plains piling up snow in deep drifts or whipping it into groundblizzards until visibility is nearly zero.

I thought about the weather as we looked over the Ford we had bought from R. L. Urquhart of Calhan. The car had certain deficiencies—no top, no windshield, no heater, no real room to carry mail, express, passengers or baby chicks. Well, what could you expect for $50?

Wilson owned the first garage in Cal-

(Continued on page 55)

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Booger Red

(Continued from page 40)

never had to give up the $100.

When the wagon show first started, Booger and his family started out making their first stand at Miles or Rowena, remembers Mrs. Privett. Booger drove in front with Daisy and Prince hitched to a buggy. It was on Prince, a paint horse, that every child in the family learned to ride, and it was Prince that died in Oklahoma a short time after its master succumbed. Prince was then 33.

But it was Traveler that Booger loved best of all. What a horse! When the final act of the show came along, and the boys brought in the tough horses it was Booger and Traveler who did the job. Booger used him as the snubbing horse. When the outlaw was saddled, Traveler all the time biting the outlaw to force him to submit to the leather, Booger shouted at Traveler, the horse broke away and the pitching began.

When he had ridden the outlaw the required number of seconds he shouted to Traveler again, and Traveler pushed the outlaw into the fence while Booger got off. So it was with Traveler that Booger rode the outlaws with his hands in the air, shouting his joy at being alive.

Traveler came to a bad end after many years of service to his master. The show was pulling out of a town when a new horse kicked him and broke his leg. For ten miles the group traveled, and when the next town was reached veterinarians were called. Traveler was swung up in the air, ice bags put on his broken leg, and the show went to another town. Daily wires brought no news of improvement in the condition of the animal and finally came a message suggesting that it would be humane to chloroform him. Booger refused, hoping against hope. Finally the message said that Traveler was roaming the pastures of another world. Booger cried like a baby, and for several weeks was morose. He had Traveler buried in the little Texas town in which he died.

Prince, another famous horse of the Booger Red entourage, was buried at Miami, Oklahoma on the one-section ranch that Booger left when he died. The family still owns it. It was proposed to mount Prince; but Ella, of the Ringling Circus, voted against it declaring that Prince was not to be taken apart—that when part of him went, the rest would go, too. So Prince was buried and a headstone erected over his grave. He had lived one generation.

The number of wild horses that Booger rode during his life would be impossible to estimate, but he must have averaged at least two a day for fifty years and that made thousands of arguments, and spirited arguments, too. Booger lost some of them, but never one in the show ring. He would travel many miles just to engage a horse of bad reputation. He was somewhat like a Texas Ranger with the bad horses; it was his job to show them they were not so bad.

Once in South Texas, a stranger brought in an outlaw horse. Booger recognized him as from the Traveler stock, some of the progeny of his famous mount. That day there was the usual downtown parade, with Booger leading the outlaw he said he was to ride that afternoon—and buy if he were bad enough. Well, he rode him all right, and so viciously did the horse pitch that Booger was glad he had bought the animal before the show. "I had found one of my horses down there in a strange country," he said, "and I wanted to bring him home." Later he made a saddle horse out of him, for the animal pitched no more.

Not only did Booger Red have good bucking horses but he surrounded himself with good men. There was Pat Flynn and Texas Jack Lewis, who lives somewhere in the Midland country now; Ben Beckley, and others. Tom Edwards was his advance man. For a time Booger had a group of Sioux trick riders and ropers.

If the Booger was dramatic in the show ring, he was quiet in his dress. No red shirts of fancy trimmings for him. To be sure there was the big hat and the chaps and the boots, but the dress was plain.

He was not a big man, height 5 feet 5, weght 158, hair red as the sunrise, voice a gentle baritone. He could have been an orator.

IT WAS hard for the great rider to quit. He went to the rodeo at Fort Worth the year before he died and, disguising himself with a cap and low-quarter shoes, climbed to the top of the grandstand.

He did not want to ride. He had won the top money at the show time and time again as he had won saddles and other kinds of awards all over the country for his skill with horses. But there was trouble that day; there was difficulty in snubbing a horse and the crowd cried for Booger Red. The Booger sat still. He wasn't afraid, he was just tired. He had had about fifty years of wild horse taming and it was beginning to tell.

Still the cry continued for the Booger. Then some woman spotted him and out he came. He snubbed the horse and rode him to great applause. It was his last ride. In 1926 he died at the age of sixty-eight and they buried him in Miami, Oklahoma. His family has been living here for seven years. He lived his last four years with the Quapaw Indians in Oklahoma, giving occasional shows there.

His skill with horses was almost miraculous. He could look at a wild mount and tell just about what kind of pitching he would do, and he never refused any of them.

After he became famous the big circuses secured his services. For several years he was associated with Buffalo Bill; he was with Hagenbeck and Wallace; for several years he was with J. George Loos carnivals; once he was associated with Russell Brothers, who own a ranch near here and who were once in show business.

A. W. Brundige was a partner at one time. Then there was an engagement with the 101 Show. In fact when he won the top cowboy honors at San Francisco his family was along with him, making pictures for the film companies. But the

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Booger refused to get in the films, desiring to form his own corporation and make his own pictures.

Mrs. Privett said she enjoyed show life, that she got used to seeing her husband ride, and had no fear for his welfare. However, she remembers a broken leg, a broken collarbone, broken ribs, and numerous other injuries that she doctored. In spite of his vigorous life, Mr. Privett was not a fighting man, she said, and neither did he drink, but he was able to swear ably when the occasion arose. He enjoyed a game of pool and Philip Wuertemburg was one of his old pool-shooting companions here.

MRS. PRIVETT sold the tickets for the show, she recalls, telling of the first show outfit they had—just a buggy, a covered wagon, and two or three persons on horseback. Then they played in ball parks, but in a year they owned a tent and played to capacity crowds most of the time.

If kids did not have the money, Booger let them in free, telling them to pay him the next time he came around. . . . When he died he had a great deal of money loaned out, a lot of which was never repaid.

Mr. and Mrs. Privett were married at Bronte. She is the daughter of Mrs. Sallie Webb. Her people were farmers in Coke County.

All of the Privett children have been in show business. There is Luther, who was a ticket rider for Hagenbeck and Wallace. Since 1930, however, he has been in this country [San Angelo] and recently broke some horses for the Bar S ranch. He trouped with Jim Hislop, municipal golf course keeper, for two years.

Alta Privett was a resin back rider for the same circus until she suffered a broken leg in a fall in 1930 and spent long months in the hospital. There is yet a plate of metal in her leg which is bothering her somewhat these days.

Ella Linton married one of her father's performers and she and her husband are today with Ringling Brothers. She does fancy riding and he is a fancy rider and roper.

Thomas Privett lives in Chicago where he has a string of race horses to be run in the World Fair by Harry Breer. He was one of the great ropers and riders and was with Barnum and Bailey and Ringling Brothers.

Roy Privett lives in Versailles, Missouri having forsaken the show ring after he came back from the war. Before that he, too, was a trouper. Now he is an oil driller.

Then there is William, the jockey, the least of them all, age 17, weight 115. He is joked by the other members of the family for dealing with Thoroughbreds, and he admits you can never tell what a race horse will do. "They are liable to drop dead, win a race, or get crowded into the fence," he says.

Since Booger Red's time there have been hundreds of men who called themselves by that name—but there was only one Booger Red and he will never be duplicated.

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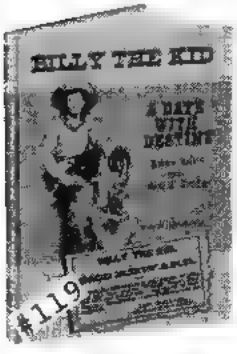

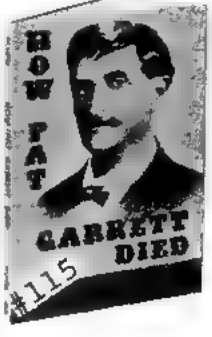

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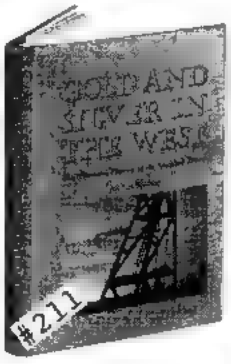

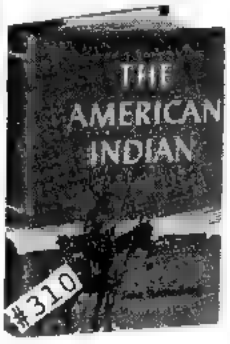

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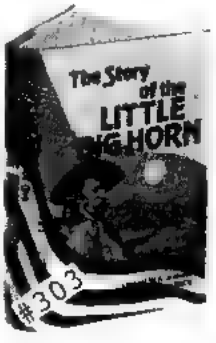

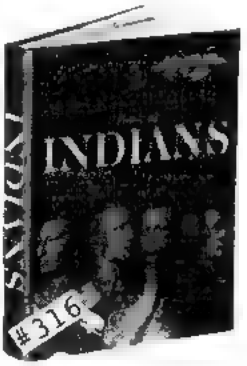

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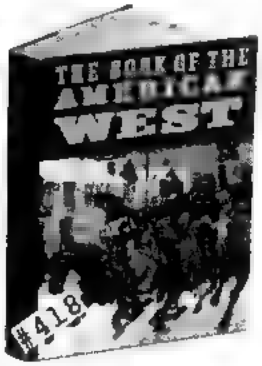

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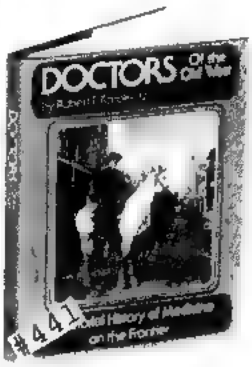

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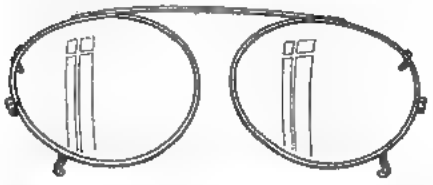

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 35)

Tullis' body was found the next morning by the Chinese boy. One bullet had been fired into his back and one into his head. Murder was also no novelty to Sacramentans and little note was made of the crime in the daily newspapers. An eight-line news item concluded, "The man had no enemies and no clue to the murderer has yet been found." (The Sacramento *Bee*, August 2, 1878.)

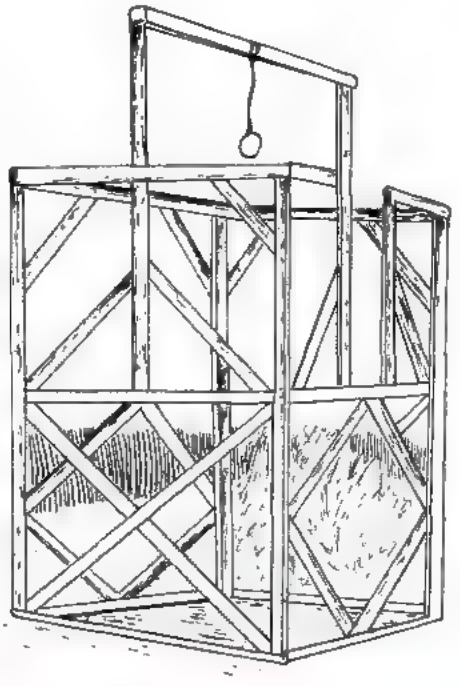
But the small force of Sacramento policemen began their diligent search. Their efforts soon paid off. On August 12 one of the officers was combing the riverbanks hoping to find the abandoned rowboat described by witnesses on the afternoon of the murder. Something floating in the muddy water caught his eye. It was a recently cut piece of lumber with the notation "64 feet" written on its side. The officer was perplexed. It was just a hunch but maybe—. He was right. Sixty-four was the number of feet needed to build a rowboat of the size that had been seen rowing to the island.

The next job was an arduous one—checking with all the lumber companies in the busy capital city. J. B. Lusk, a lumber salesman at Walton and Company, 12th and J Street, looked at the questioning officers in surprise.

"Sure, I wrote those figures. I sold it to Edward Anderson on July 30, who ordered it delivered to the home of Troy Dye, Public Administrator, who lives near 21st and J."

The officers were baffled. Dye was a public official and a prosperous saloon owner. Not wishing to offend him unnecessarily, they decided to locate Anderson first. The 39-year-old Swede, found in his usual saloon habitat, was filled with apprehension when he saw the approaching officers. And with good reason. Recognized by witnesses as one of the mysterious boatmen seen visiting the Tullis island, he broke down and confessed.

Sketch by Author



ANDERSON told of a bizarre murder plot planned by the Public Administrator of Sacramento County, Troy Dye. Under California law, Dye administered the estates of deceased persons who had no heirs residing within the state. His legal percentage took precedence even over creditors' claims. Dye had made a list of fifty-five wealthy and leading Sacramentans. Tullis was number one on the list.

Anderson said he and Tom Lawton, his boat partner, had built the boat under Dye's house. After arriving on the island, Anderson found Tullis alone in the orchards. He engaged him in conversation, "Have you got any work for anybody to do?"

Tullis said, "No, I have all my work done by Chinamen." Anderson stated, "So I asked him if I could get a place to stay there all night. He said no, he had no location, but if I went to the next house there, I could stop. So I follwed behind him. Dick [Lawton] had made a sandbag, from 14 to 16 inches long, and an inch and a half through. Tullis asked me where I came from, and I told him from Sacramento, and at that moment I hit him with the sand bag and he kind of staggered off the levee. Then he came up and met me halfway up the levee again. We both got our hands together and I gave him a push down again, and I came down right after him, but neither of us fell.

"By this time Dick came. Tullis bursted the sand bag, that is, when I hit him it bursted in the middle, and the sand went out of it, and I threw it away. Tullis and me had quite a scuffle, and I was going to leave him and get away. Dick came up and shot him back of the ear the first time; and the second time, I think, the wound was in the right side, and then he fell. Tullis raised his widely open eyes and looked forward to the heavens as if he were saying his last prayer." (Sacramento *Bee*, August 16, 1878, Front Page.)

Anderson and Lawton then rowed back to a brushy spot along the Sacramento mainland bank. Dye came to pick them up in his buggy. The two men knew Dye was approaching when they heard him whistling the popular, "In The Sweet Bye and Bye."

"Did you kill him? Is he dead?" Dye asked.

Lawton said, "Yes."

Dye exclaimed, "Oh, good! Good! Let's have a drink." They did and then Dye suggested a celebration. "I'll stand you all for oysters," he offered.

Anderson said that he and Lawton were to get $3,000 each for the killing. "That's a lot for a poor man like me," he added.

Dye was quickly arrested and quickly confessed. The 36-year-old former Sunday School teacher said that when he took office a year before, there had been many jokes made about his hiring a "killer" to take advantage of his position. He had decided to turn that joke into a reality and become a wealthier man.

But Dye will not be remembered for his wealth, but for his instigation of what was termed by the newspapers as a "wholesale croaking system" and "one

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of the most heinous crimes the West has ever known." The citizens of Sacramento were so outraged by the deliberate callousness of the murder that Police Chief Stevens feared mob rule might prevail and a special plea was made to the public not to further "tarnish the fair name of our beautiful city."

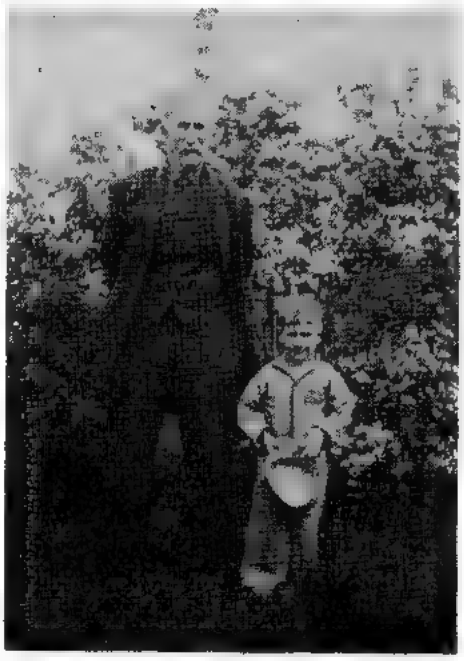
The 25-year-old Lawton eluded capture and was never found. But Dye and Anderson died on the gallows on May 29, 1879—because of a little piece of board, a number, and a word, and the dedication of a small band of men who had been sworn to carry out justice in Sacramento.

BILL NOLAND OF MAPLE CREEK

By George Shepherd

WHEN I first met the late Bill Noland forty years ago he was in good physical health, seventy years of age but with a keen memory of the old-time buffalo hunting days. Bill was eighteen when he went to Kansas and got a job skinning buffalo for Bill Cody. This was in the early 1870s.

Buffalo hunters such as Cody, who were out for hides, had hunting down to an organized business. An experienced plainsman would form a group of seven or eight men. A spot would be selected for a campsite preferably near a stream. The boss of the camp—in this case Cody—would go out on foot armed with a single-shot Sharps rifle or a Spencer carbine, with 250 rounds of ammunition in a body belt.



Bill Noland (left) and the author's son Gordon Shepherd in 1935.

In what was known as the trail hunt the marksman would spot a herd, crawl up close and drop possibly eight or ten animals before they took fright. As they ran off, the hunter would grab his heavy gun and run after them, shooting any laggards or picking off the cripple. Sometimes a buffalo, wounded a few days before and suffering from a festering sore, would be picked off. Such an animal would be known by the indelicate term of a "stinker." After running a mile or so the herd would stop and face around. Then the hunter would crawl up in the long grass and try to repeat the performance.

When the buffalo were really numerous a system of hunt was followed called "making a stand." In this case the hunter lay down and picked off the animals as they came by.

After a few weeks with Cody, as Noland reminisced with pardonable pride, "It wasn't long a-fore Cody found out that I could shoot buffalo damn near as good as he could." And so the two men would go out on alternate days, to be followed up by the skinners and hide haulers.

Noland's best kill in one day by the trail hunt was fifty-six buffalo, while Cody in his best day got ninety-six. The best that Noland did in one stand was thirty-six buffalo in thirty minutes by which time, as he said, his old Mary Ann was just about red hot. Many hunters were reputed to have shot as many as three thousand buffalo in one year.

In Noland's time the buffalo hides hauled into a frontier town such as Dodge City, were piled into heaps, and a good hide yard covered five or even ten acres. A summer hide would fetch only a dollar or so, but the black buffalo (or Canadians, as they were called) might bring up to

(Continued on page 52)

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ELIZABETH LOCHRIE

--painter of the winsome and the noble

BY HELEN CLARK

Photos Courtesy Author

ONE of the great women artists of the West is Elizabeth Lochrie, who for over eighty years has resided in Montana but who, this past year, has been in California in the company of one or the other of her two daughters. Elizabeth, besides being called "Woman-of-the Rockies," has a name bestowed on her by the Blackfeet of north-central Montana; she is called "Net-chi-ta-ki," which means "Woman Alone in Her Way."

This name was given Elizabeth back in 1931 when she was inducted into the tribe. At the same time she was given an Indian mother, Stochtokami, a Blood Indian from Canada; and a Blackfoot father, Medicine Boss Ribs. A tanned buckskin certificate was presented to Elizabeth which read: "This certificate is proof that many moons ago there came to us a white woman from far over the western mountains. She was friendly and understanding and we brought her into our medicine tepee and smoked a peace pipe with her and made her our sister. . . . She has ever been true and helped with good deeds and paints our pictures to show the whole world."

Throughout Montana's seven Indian reservations, Elizabeth has been a welcome visitor. If art is undying, then she has given perpetuity to thousands of Indian men, women and children. Some of the great Indian chiefs of Montana and Canada have sat for her, when they would have been reluctant to pose for any other white artist.

"The more time I spend with these Indians, the more I love and admire them. I have found them ever courteous, friendly and gentle. It takes time to know them intimately. Every step taken toward closer relationship must be taken by you. They rarely make advances. They would

Left: Painting titled "Cattle Drive in the Big Hole Mountains" by Elizabeth Lochrie. Above left: "A Boy and His Dog" is the title of this Elizabeth Lochrie Painting of the young Blackfoot and his pet. Above right: Portrait of Indian in 20th Century clothing as well as war bonnet, buckskin and quills. Below: The artist working on an oil painting of Chief Plenty Coups.

rather starve than lose dignity; rather freeze then stoop to any action that would lessen their pride in themselves," Elizabeth said.

She has painted her Indians with dignity and grandeur. Sometimes, however, her subjects do not look at their own portraits. When 93-year-old Chief Good Gun, a Blood, sat for her, he would not look on the canvas. "No," he said, "If I don't know what you took out of me, I won't know what to miss."

Elizabeth Lochrie would still be in Montana except for the death a year ago of her husband Arthur. Their three-story home in Butte, in which she had raised three children, became too large for her and the winters too long, so she has adopted California's milder climate.

Realism predominates in Elizabeth's paintings; she uses the traditional technique, both sketching and finishing in oils on canvas or on any other ground, sometimes for effect using even carpet, velvet, sandpaper, leather or velour paper. Her largest painting is a 12' by 30' mural. In earlier years she studied portraiture under Winold Weiss during the summers he spent in East Glacier, Montana; fresco with Victor Arnotoff of Stanford, California; murals and seco with Dorothy Pucinnecci of San Francisco.

NEARLY every facet of the West has been painted by Elizabeth at some time in her long career: sheep camps on Horse Prairie in western Montana; pack trains leaving the Swan River country of the Flathead; hunting parties in the Spanish Peaks in the Gallatin; cattle ranches; wild horse roundups in the Highlands of southwestern Montana; cattle drives in the Big Hole Valley; the majestic Grand Tetons of Jackson Hole, Wyoming; papooses in cradle boards; the seaconst of California—and always, the people.

In a review in the *Art Digest*, the writer had this to say: " . . . realistic illustrations of American western culture . . . from intimate portraits of weather-beaten Indians such as 'Tommy Coyote' to meticulously recorded landscapes such as 'October at 32 Ranch' [her] paintings . . . document every phase of life in the pioneer country."

Elizabeth Lochrie was the first woman artist from Montana to have a solo exhibit in New York. She showed at the Arthur Newton Galleries which stocked her paintings for years. (She was the second Montanan to be so honored, the first being Western artist Charles Marion Russell.) Elizabeth has had solo exhibits also at the Francis Lynch Gallery in Los Angeles; at the River Oaks Garden Forum, Houston, Texas; at Frederic-Nelson in Seattle; at the C. M. Russell Gallery (Great Falls); the Montana State Historical (Helena) Galleries; at Rhodes Store Gallery, Tacoma, Washington and elsewhere.

Because of the varied accomplishments in her life—Elizabeth has been a noted lecturer as well as artist—and those of her three children, and her kindnesses to the Indians, Elizabeth was named Montana Mother in 1960. She is a member of the Association of American Artists, the American Federation of Artists, Art-

Above: This Indian is dressed for full parade. Right: Pulpit Rock is in upper Gallatin Canyon in Western Montana. Below: An oil painting of Marie Big Shoulder, a Cheyenne of Busby, Montana. The painting is titled "Two Little Pets."

ists of New Mexico, Montana Institute of Arts, an honorary member of Beta Sigma Phi Sorority and Delta Gamma Sorority, and holds an honorary Life Fellowship of the International Institute of Art and Letters at Berne, Switzerland.

Elizabeth Davey was born on July 1, 1890 in Deer Lodge, Montana and grew up there. Her father died when Elizabeth was ten years old. Her mother then began teaching in Butte High School, forty miles from Deer Lodge. Of her girlhood, Elizabeth penned this:

"I grew up on my horse with my gun in one hand and a sketch pad in my coveralls pocket, good grades in spelling, 'Hearts and Flowers' on the piano at a strawberry social after 10 years of study and a cost of several hundred dollars. But I really shone in baseball, basketball, running and jumping and was the grade school's acknowledged artist from first grade on. It is said that every girl longs at some time in her life to be a nurse or an actress, but I must be the variant to this law, for I never wanted anything but to paint and to have ten children. My three lovely children came much nearer the perfection I dreamed of than does my painting, but the dream has never dimmed."

Like her mother, Elizabeth turned to teaching, her goal that of art instructor. She went to New York to study at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, from which she graduated, completing a three-year-course in two and graduating third highest in her class.

"I loved my schooling at Pratt. Ernest Watson was an inspiration, and I remember the stimulus given me when I was saving my lunch money all week in order to go over to the Art Students' League every Saturday to watch John Chase and Robert Henri with whom I also longed

to study; that stimulus has never let me rest from trying to attain the place in American art about which I dream."

Upon graduation from Pratt, Elizabeth accepted a teaching position in art and Bible at Cairo, Egypt—but then she met Arthur J. Lochrie. They were married shortly thereafter and came West, remaining most of their married life in Butte, where Arthur served for years as President of the Butte Miners Bank. Arthur and Elizabeth celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary. After a bout with pneumonia, Arthur died quietly in his sleep.

ELIZABETH has written a book of Indian stories for children which has not yet appeared in print, and she would like also to do a book of anecdotes about her years with the Indians. She would include letters which came to her from various Reservations, such as this one from Maggie Many Hides who wrote: "Dear Net-chi-ta-ki: Please write to George Washington and tell him white men take sand off my land and don't pay me."

For approximately thirteen years Elizabeth served as a judge of the Indian Miss America Beauty Contest at All American Indian Days in Sheridan, Wyoming. She painted many of the contesting beauties.

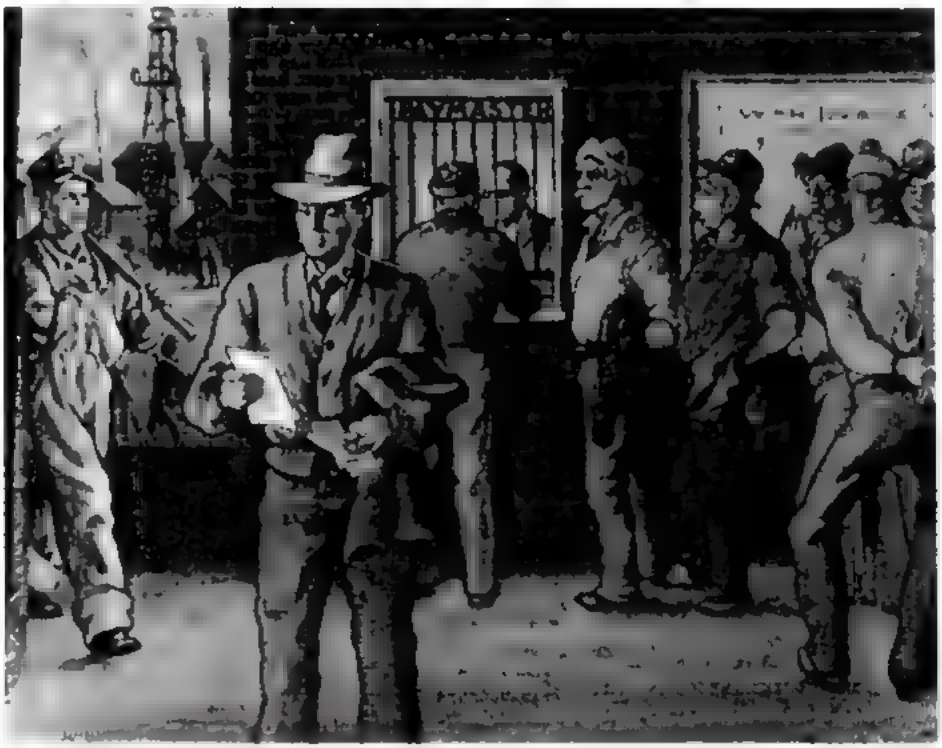
She recalls a particular trip to the Blackfoot Reservation when she stopped over in the town of Browning. A very pleasant Indian man she knew happened to come by, but he was sad of face, not his usual beaming self.

"Whatever is the matter, John?" Elizabeth asked.

"Oh, worst thing, Net-chi-ta-ki. I do like you white people tell me. I sell cattle; I take money to bank. But banker man say to me: 'Not enough you save big bills,

(Continued on page 54)

Above: Painting titled "Mary Little Lamb" is of Mary Joe Eagle Child. Right: This is a casein water color for Ford Motor Co. called "Miner's Pay Day." It is set in Butte, Montana. Below: Chief Yellow Kidney of the Blackfeet holding a fan of eagle feathers.



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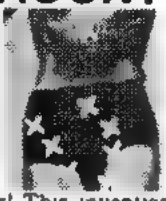

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 47)

five dollars. These were the skins from animals that had spent the summer in the cooler climate of Canada and were shot as they migrated south for the winter.

For footwear the buffalo hunters wore "hock moccasins" made from slaughtered buffalo. The hide was cased off the hocks and turned inside out. The hunter then had a fur-lined sock at no cost. Put on while the hide was still green, it fitted the wearer's foot like a glove. And since they took a high polish they permitted the hunter to run through the long grass almost like a man on skates.

When the buffalo skinners came to town, their clothing caked with blood and smelling to high heaven, everyone closed their windows.

THE HUNTERS were all prepared to liven things up in the saloons and dance halls after weeks on the prairie.

Bill Noland recalled being in a saloon known as the Little Church on the Corner. He was quietly minding his own business when a dispute broke out over a favorite dance hall girl. As Noland said, "She was an awful nice girl. She had long black hair and we used to call her Curly."

In the melee that followed she was shot and killed by a jealous buffalo hunter who had had a few drinks too many. This was going just a little too far for public opinion. Killing a man in a fair fight was quite allowable and even condoned in certain cases, but to lose the favorite dance hall girl was quite another matter. Not only was it poor ethics but it was also bad for business.

When Noland was going down the street for breakfast the next morning a local committee was busy stringing the killer to a pole, the cross-arm of which was just right for their particular purpose.

On one occasion Noland had the doubtful honor of being sworn in as a deputy sheriff under the leadership of Wild Bill Hickok. They were after a gang of horse thieves and caught up to them as they were preparing dinner in a little bluff of trees. Both sides started trading lead. When asked if he got any of them Noland edged away from the question. All he would say was, "We came out and they didn't."

With his wife as honorary president of a local women's group and grandchildren running around the streets of Maple Creek he had no wish to be pointed out as a killer. He did volunteer the information that he received a charge of buckshot in his hip leaving a hole "big enough to put your fist into." But this was all in the day's work.

After three years with Cody, young Noland thought he knew enough about hunting buffalo to start a camp of his own. Here ensued a typical Cody gesture. Noland lacked funds to purchase all the necessary wagons, horses and supplies. Said Cody, "Go ahead and buy what you need, pay what you can, and I'll back your note for the balance." This was Cody's way of doing business. As Noland said, "Bill Cody was the most generous man I ever met in my life."

But the palmy days of buffalo hunting were about over. Instead of the single shot Sharps and Spencers the buffalo hunter now appeared with high-powered rifles equipped with telescopic sights. The fate of the buffalo was sealed.

Noland took to ranching in Wyoming and later crossed the Line into Canada to ranch on Bear Creek. Maple Creek remembers Noland with pride and affection. The last time I saw Bill Noland he was riding horseback in the lead of a parade on a First of July celebration. And that is a good way to remember Bill—riding along at the head of the parade.

HOMESTEADER ESCAPES DEATH IN ABANDONED WELL

IN the book *Conquering the Great American Desert* writen by Everett Dick and published by the Nebraska State Historical Society are hundreds of incidents of frontier life. One anecdote tells in a paragraph of the ordeal of F. W. Carlin after he fell in a well. A longer account of the story, told by Carlin himself, was published in the *Custer County Beacon*, September 5, 1895:

"While driving through the country about 15 miles northwest of Broken Bow on the evening of August 14th, it became quite dark and I found I had taken the wrong track and driven up to some old sod building. I turned around and started to what seemed to me like a good road into the draw, when one of my horses seemed to step into a place. I got out of the wagon and started alongside of the team to be sure that the road was all right, when without a moment's notice I became aware of the fact that I had stepped into an old well and was going down like a shot out of a gun.

"I placed my feet close together, stretched my arms straight over my head and said, 'Oh, God, have mercy on me.'

"I supposed of course that it would kill me when I struck the bottom but God had heard my prayer. I stuck in the mud and water which completely covered me over. I was considerably stunned, but was able to straighten up and get my head above water. I scrambled around and finally extracted my legs from the mud, and finally stood on my feet in the water which came just up to my arms. It was very cold, and I tried a number of times to get out of the water only to fall back. The curbing was somewhat slimy. I finally managed to break off a small piece for the curbing and found a crack in which I managed to fasten it and perched myself upon it till morning. . . .

It was about nine o'clock when I fell in, and I was drenched and plastered.

"The only serious injury I received was a badly sprained ankle, which gave me great pain. I also had a sore place on my back, which I found a number of days afterwards to be a broken rib. As soon as daylight appeared, I began to look around and take in the situation. . . .

"It [the well] was curbed in places with curbing about three feet square. There would be a place curbed for about from six to sixteen feet and then there

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would be a place that was not curbed at all. The curbing was perfectly tight, not a crack between them that I could get my fingers into, and covered with a slimy mud. I at once concluded that my only chance for rescue was my knife, if it had not fallen out of my pocket while floundering in the mud, so thrusting my hand into my pocket, there it was, and a good one too. I took it and began cutting foot holes in the sides of the curbing; it was very slow but sure. I never went back a foot after I had gained it. . . .

"Sometime in the afternoon I came to a curbing which I thought I could not get through; it was of solid 1 by 6 boards closely fitted together and not less than sixteen feet to the top of it. So I made myself a good seat, fixing myself as comfortable as possible. I concluded that I must stay there and wait assistance, or die there. . . .

"I remained at that point the greater part of the next forenoon, calling often for help. . . . So I took a piece of board and put some sand on it and got the point of my knife good and sharp and began cutting away the curbing and making one foot hole after another. I cut, climbing higher and higher and I was at last on top of the curbing. From there I would have been comfortable if my feet had not hurt me so badly. But I cut holes in the clay for my hands and feet with my knife and finally I got within about sixteen feet of the top.

"Right there I had the worst hindrance I had met yet. It was a round curbing four feet high and perfectly smooth on the inside. It was washed out around it until it was only held from dropping by a litle peg on one side. I knew if I tried to go up through it, it was pretty sure to break loose and go to the bottom with me. So my only chance was to go between the curb and the wall. This I was so fortunate in doing. By going to work and digging away the wall, in half an hour I had a hole large enough to let me pass through. After that it was a short job to reach the top, which I did, and lay for some time exhausted.

"Then I knelt down and thanked Almighty God for sparing my life, as I had prayed for Him to do.

"But my trouble was not at an end yet. I was one and a half miles from a house, with a foot I could not step on. I cut some large weeds and made out to hobble and crawl to the road, about forty rods distant, and there I lay until nearly sundown looking for a team that never came. After getting out in the sun I became very thirsty. At last I gave up looking for anyone and started to crawl on my hands and knees to find a house, but I soon gave out and had to lie out another night. In the morning I felt somewhat better. Starting out again, I finally arrived at the home of Charles Francis, just at daylight, where I was given food and drink, after being without two days and three nights. . . .

"Let this be awarning to all who may read it to fill up all the old wells in their neighborhood, for we know not who the next may be. Also remember to trust in God, for He can save when no one else can. No one could have taken the fall that I did and get out alive, without the aid of a Higher Power than theirs."—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

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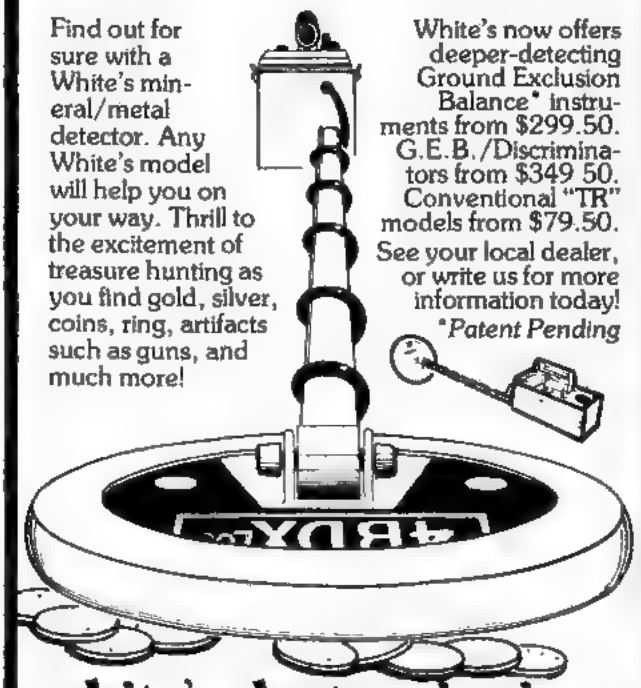

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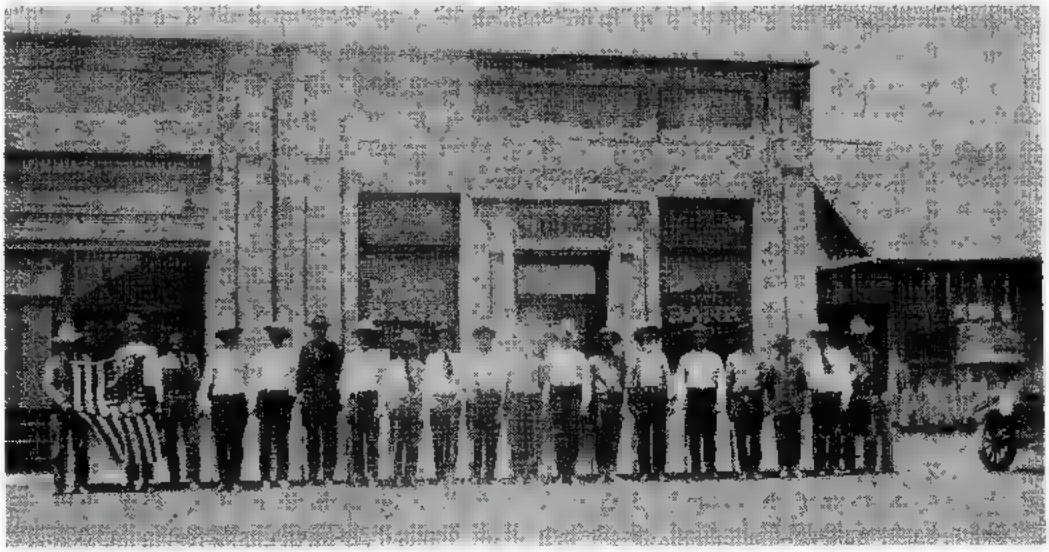
THE POSSE MISSED ITS QUARRY

By Dave Hopkins

NOT too long ago there was a bank robbery at the Camp Verde, Arizona branch of the Valley National Bank that brought to mind the only other bank robbery in the history of this place.

It occurred at the Camp Verde State Bank in 1917 and the first the public knew about the robbery was when Mr. Butler, the manager, came running down the sidewalk in front of the bank and Wingfield's store. He was clear out of breath and wheezing. He managed to gasp out a few words that were hard for



The posse posed for this picture a day or so after the robbery. The banker is the man dressed in a suit (naturally!) Circa 1917.

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PULL 'EM OUT!

"You can't sell 'em if we can't find 'em!" This comes from our readers in a flow of letters that is too constant for comfort. I've found them myself, sometimes on the bottom shelf, completely covered by other publications. Now we don't have nutin' against other publications, but we'd like a breath of fresh air and the sight of light now and then ourselves—so if you find our magazines covered, we'd sure appreciate your leaving them in the same approximate spot, but at least giving them a show. Sometimes, if you take them completely out and put them in another spot, the wholesaler will get upset and take them off completely.

the fellows there to understand, but as soon as those listeners got the picture, a posse of horsemen was organized and they were off on the chase led by Constable Bill Rudd and H. P. Blome on his dependable steed.

When Butler recovered, he told the following story: A tall, gaunt man with a rifle under his overcoat entered the bank and ordered Butler to put his money into the bag with no foolishness. As the manager moved toward the vault to obey orders, he made a solemn request of the robber to "please not place me in the vault with the door closed as there would be only enough air to last a short while and besides that—no one else knows the combination."

With the need to hurry, the robber told the manager, "Never mind, I am taking you with me."

When all the money was in the bag except the silver change, the robber escorted the manager out the door and around the back and over the hill to the west. The robber's horse was tied about one-half mile from the bank. There the manager was instructed to sit flat on the ground and not move for thirty minutes.

The robber mounted up with the gold clinking in the saddlebags and rode away. As soon as he was out of sight, the manager jumped to his feet and made a run back to town, arriving out of breath and frantic to get help. No one to this day can understand why he did not have a heart attack.

When the posse of riders was gone for a few hours, posse members began straggling back to town with word that the robber had apparently ridden out from where his horse was tied, making several trips in a wagon wheel pattern, and that every horse track the posse followed wound up in a dead end.

Even riders that stayed out the longest, the stubborn men, said they followed the trail to the sheep driveway that crossed the Verde Valley east and west at Squaw Peak. They said they were never able to pick up a trail beyond that point, so the robber escaped and was never apprehended.

Elizabeth Lochrie

(Continued from page 51)

John. Here is piggy bank for your nickels, dimes, quarters.' Ma and me both like tobacco, but no, money must go in piggy bank. This I no like."

A few days later, on her return, Elizabent again stopped at Browning, and John was jovial again. "Oh, Net-chi-ta-ki. Best thing happen! Lightning, she come down, she strike house; house burn up; piggy bank burn up; now Ma and me have all tobacco we want!"

Although Elizabeth has sold many, many paintings, she has retained some especially for her family. Daughter Betty cherishes "Grandma's Boy," an oil of a Bannock grandmother with her small grandson tied in a blanket sling over her back. This painting received the "Most Popular of Show Award" at Madonna Festival in 1962 in Los Angeles. Daughter Helen loves the oil painting called "Yellow Kidney," which is of a Blackfoot Indian; and Elizabeth's son Arthur, Jr. is partial to the portrait of the early-day Jesuit missionary, Father DeSmet.

Most of the best Lochrie works are oils—paintings such as "Teal Eyes," a beautiful young Sioux whom Elizabeth painted life size; "Mrs. Morning Gun," a Black-

Left: Mrs. Morning Gun, a Blackfoot on whose land oil was struck. The gusher was called Morning Gun No. 1. She was paid handsomely by the oil company (Union Oil of California) but because money meant nothing to her, she was buried a pauper. After her death another gusher, Morning Star No. 2, was discovered on her property. Above right: A Blackfeet Sun Dance with the Medicine Pole in the background. Below: Chief Turtle of the Blackfeet Indians resided at Heart Butte on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation in northern Montana.

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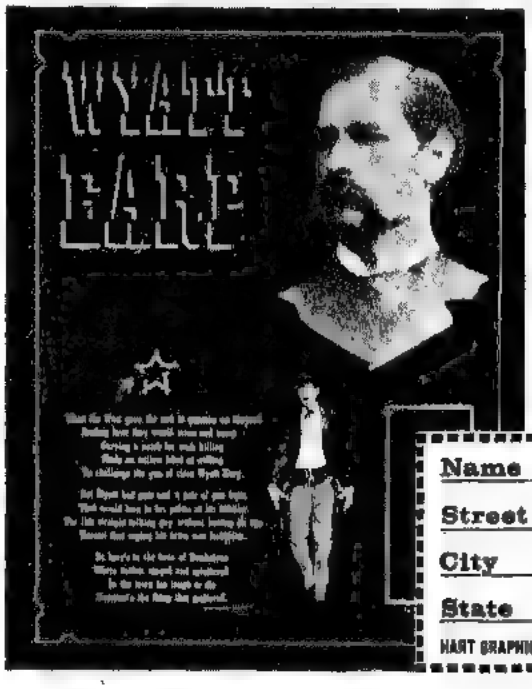

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foot on whose property oil was discovered but who went through a fortune and died a pauper; "Chief Paul Charlo," last of the great hereditary chieftains of the Flathead-Salish Indians; "Chief Plenty Coups" of the Crow; "Sherbourne Lake" in Glacier National Park; "Proud Mother" of Katie Home Gun and son of Browning, Montana; "Fish Wolf Robe," Blackfoot; "Bird Rattler," also Blackfoot; and others too numerous to name.

Her art has been collected by major corporate groups, including Ford Motor Company; New York Life Insurance; International Business Machine; Minneapolis National Bank; and First National Bank of Seattle. The U. S. Government has given her commissions to do murals in post offices—Dillon, Montana; Burley and St. Anthony in Idaho. She has also executed murals for the Montana State Sanatarium and the Montana State School of Mines.

Added to all this are eighteen murals for Montana's capital city, Helena, and many portraits of officials, three of whom were Montana governors.

She has been one of the few white people to witness the Sun and Owl Ceremonials of the Blood Indians. "This honor was accorded me at the invitation of the tribe's venerable chief, Shot On Both Sides," recalls Net-chi-ta-ki, who also has been permitted entrance to the sacred medicine tepee of her adopted Blackfeet, and has taken part in their face painting ritual.

"I loved to work with my Indians. They are a guileless people with a dominant spirit who do not try to hide behind a crust of pretense or sophistication. Each Indian I paint I see as an individual, not as a racial type, and each personality is interesting.

"One of the greatest joys of an art career is that one never fully arrives," says Elizabeth. "There's always more to learn; there's ever the hope that the next painting will be better."

This woman of French and English ancestry has been associated so long with the Indians that she is often mistaken for one. "Indeed I do look like my blood brothers," she laughingly agrees. She is certainly a singular woman; and her fame continues to grow as she, at eighty-six, continues immortalizing the West with ink, water color, wax, and oil.

The Whistling Mail Truck

(Continued from page 41)

han, a former blacksmith shop, where we began conversion of the Ford into a mail truck by removing the back seat. This made it a pickup at a time when pickup trucks were unheard of. We took old bike tubing and motorcycle wheels and made a trailer to hook on the rear of the Ford. It was 4½ feet square and 18 inches deep lined with heavy canvas, and could take care of 15 sacks of mail.

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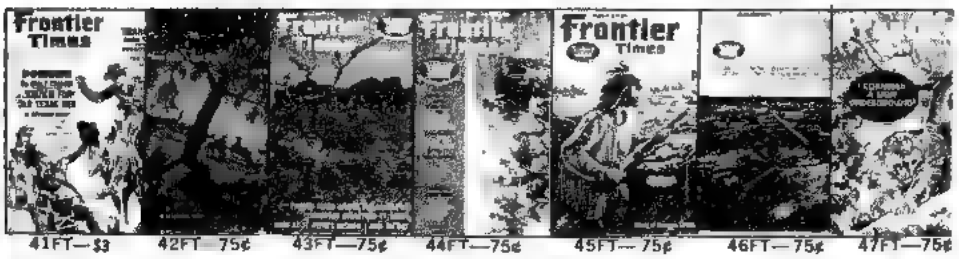
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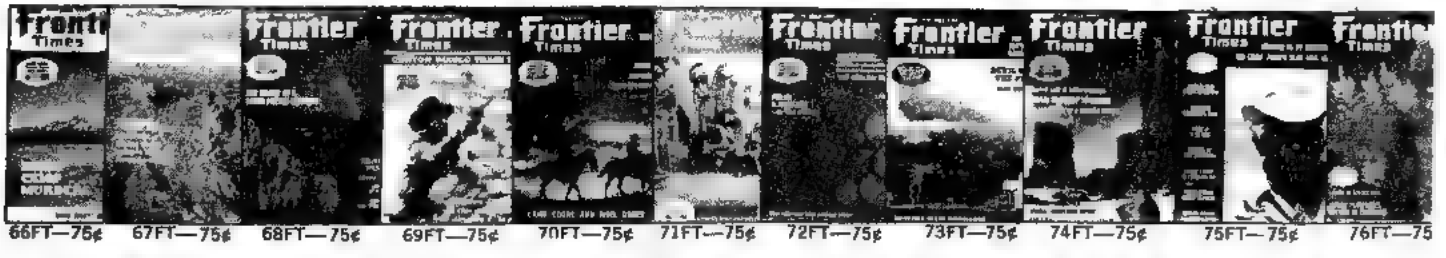
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Old West issues on next page →

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We rigged up a piece of canvas for the front, extending it from the hood to a rod just below eye level, so the wind went right over my head. And we figured that if the upper floorboards were left off, heat from the motor would keep me warm.

I had a warm cap and a coat of long fur made of Siberian wolf or dog hide, I don't remember which, that came almost to my ankles. I do remember it was so heavy it took two men to lift it. I would keep plenty warm even on the coldest days.

We equipped the Ford with two motors with the planetary transmission enclosed in the crankcase, and two rear axles. While one axle and motor were in use, the others could be overhauled at Wilson's Pioneer Garage. We could replace the motor and rear axle overnight and take up to four months to overhaul the other set.

I had railroaded for a time as a fireman on the Union Pacific in Nebraska. It seemed to me a natural thing to install a steam whistle on the Ford, and pipe the exhaust to it to blow it. I used railroad signals—two shorts and two longs for a road crossing and one long when approaching a station. My wife could always tell when I was almost home; she could hear the whistle.

The Star Route extended from Calhan through Yoder, Rush, Kendrick and back along the same route. For the first year, passenger service on the mail run was fair and the express business wasn't bad. Then people began buying cars and carried their packages home with them. After the first two years I discontinued using the trailer since the amount of mail and express was lighter.

The difference between a Star Route and a rural route was the mail bag each resident furnished. Bags were mostly made of blue denim, sometimes from an overall leg sewn up at one end. Usually I put the sack of mail in the box, but at one place I'd throw the sack so it caught on a barbed wire fence. When the family had mail to go, they put the bag back on the fence with two clothespins so I could pick it up going 35 miles an hour about as fast as the Ford would go.

Tire chains cost $5 apiece in 1914 and haven't improved much. Neither have the people who use them. They still wait until they're stuck to put the chains on.

I gassed up the mail truck from fuel that Wilson had shipped from Colorado Springs in 50-gallon barrels. I kept 60 pounds of pressure in the front tires and 70 in the back ones, and got a 10,000-mile run out of a $10 tire over roads that were only rutted trails. If the ruts got too deep you moved over a few feet and started another trail.

Sometimes the snow was so deep and the temperature so low I'd go out to find the wire wheels on the Ford still packed with snow from the day before. I kept a scoop shovel hanging on the side of the truck but sometimes it wouldn't have helped much. Often the drifts were so deep even the Ford couldn't make it through and we had to think of a sure-fire way to do it if Wilson and I were to collect our $205 a month for getting the mail through.

It seemed logical that two Fords could become one efficient unit for snow travel, so we chained a six-foot oak 2x4 to the rear axle of the lead Ford and the front axle of the one in back. My brother, Jeff, drove the rear car and pushed the mail truck through the deep drifts. Then, with the mail truck, I pulled Jeff's Ford through.

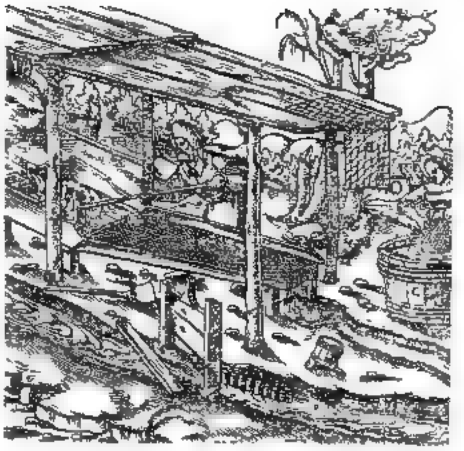
With this help I lived up to the only regulation for mail carriers. I got the mail through no matter what kind of weather from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m., holidays included, for four years. I traveled 22,464 miles annually. By the end of a year I felt I had driven around the world!

The Christmas season was particularly heavy because residents of eastern Colorado bought a lot of things by mail, particularly through the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues. One time the two catalogues came at the same time and I had 2,000 extra pounds of mail to carry!

There are still some old-timers around who remember the converted Ford that delivered their mail. One recently told my wife: "You could set your clock when Clark delivered the mail and wouldn't miss the right time more than five minutes!" I appreciated hearing him say that.

But in 1918 Wilson and I were outbid on the mail route, which we didn't think paid enough anyway. Someone else evidently found the converted Ford to his liking; we sold it for $400.

A cloth of the popular green color is used to enable the gold dust to be seen easily.



In place of a green cloth, a cloth of tightly woven horsehair, which has a rough knotty surface, was used by some people.

Agricola's "Waybill"

(Continued from page 17)

gates are opened, and the torrent bursts forth with such violence that the rocks are hurled along.

"When they have reached the plain there is yet more labor. Trenches called *agogae* are dug for the flow of water. The bottoms of these are spread with ulex to catch the gold. This ulex is similar to rosemary, rough and prickly. The sides too are closed in with planks and are suspended when crossing precipitous spots. The earth is carried to the sea and thus the shattered mountain is washed away and scattered; and this deposition of the earth in the sea has extended the shore of Spain. . . .

"The gold procured from *arrugiae* does not require to be melted, but is already pure gold. It is found in shafts as well, sometimes exceeding ten *librae* in weight. These lumps are called *palagae* and *palacurnae*, while the small grains are called *baluce*. The ulex is dried and burnt and

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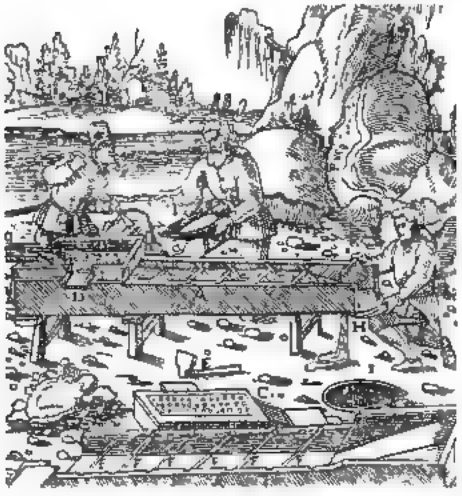
The Long Tom sluice, or just simply a "Tom" used in the West during the last Century.

In Thuringia (Germany) the sluices had rounded pockets connected by grooves.



The sluice has a number of riffles or partitions that hold back the gold.

the ashes are washed on a bed of grassy turf in order that the gold may settle thereon."

There we have the conception of the ancients of several different techniques, which were translated into picture illustrations by Agricola. When these pictures are analyzed, not a single one seems to be a bad idea, especially for different kinds of alluvial deposits as well as different kinds of water supplies.

In addition to the various types of sluices for alluvial mining there were illustrations of a fairly efficient stamp-mill, also the use of quicksilver, retorting, assaying, the melting and the refining of gold and silver.

After the invasion of the barbarians, which dispersed the gold supplies of the Roman treasuries, there was little if any mining of gold of any kind until the thirteenth century discoveries in the Alps, Transylvania and various parts of Spain. However, is was the discoveries in Mexico, Peru, Colombia and Chile that brought new life to gold mining. And it was at this period that Agricola's book came out, a veritable enclyclopedia of mining, including the basics of much that is still in use today.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 1)

tell was that this National Monument, Alibates, got its name from a Yankee, a cowboy from Boston, Massachusetts, Allie Bates.

W. H. Bates and D. T. Beals established the LX Ranch on the Canadian River in 1877. F. C. Bates (Allie), a son or nephew of W. H. (Deacon) Bates, came with them. Not all the creeks in the Panhandle had been named. Those that were named for cowboys and ranchers: Dixon Creek for Billy Dixon; Bugbee Canyon for T. S. Bugbee; Moore Creek for W. C. Moore; etc. Allie Bates Creek was named for F. C. Bates.

Now the Great White Father, in the early 1900s, sent Dr. C. N. Gould up the Canadian on a U. S. Geological Survey. Mr. Gould found some rock which he had not seen before. Heck no, he didn't name it Canadian flint. He took one look at Allie Bates Creek and said, "This is Alibates Flint."

About this time Floyd Studer, who was going to school at Canadian, Texas got his first clue that the Clovis, Folsom, Agate Basin, Plainview, Angostura, Eden, Scotts Bluff and Harrel arrowheads were made from Alibates flint found only in a ten-square mile here in the Panhandle.

Well, by 1930 the Great White Father got the news that the Indians' ammo dump had been found. The Indians had been using it for thousands of years.

No chance, Mr. Injun, that your Great White Father in 1965 brought the U. S. Park Service to guard your ammo dump.

This is how a cowboy from Boston had a National Monument out West named for him. I'm just a history buff at heart. —Big Jim Vallaster, P. O. Box 941, Fritch, Texas 79036

Up a Stump

I'm writing a book about the five Samuel boys who came from England in 1554 or 1558, settled on the East coast, then went to Kentucky, then moved all over the U. S. A. The spelling may be Samuels, Samuel, Sam Wells, Samuells, and I'd like to hear from any of these families. I'm up a stump and need help. —W. S. Samuel, P. O. Box 191, Yoakum, Texas 77995

Early Rodeos

It seems to me rodeo has come into its own the past few years. Television has helped to promote this, plus the fact that prominent cowboys are seen on commercials advertising different products.

In the '20s and '30s, the Depression years, many small towns held annual shows that were successful in spite of the fact money was hard to come by. A lot of good riders and ropers competed even though the prize money was small compared to what is paid out in modern shows. Any kid could pick enough cotton or work at some job long enough to earn fifty cents for admission to the rodeo grounds. The first rodeo I remember seeing was one in Killeen, Texas back in the '20s. Sheepskin chaps, cuffs, fancy shirts and the traditional ten-gallon hats were in vogue. The program, too, was a little different from what it is now. Wild cow milking, steer riding, bronc riding, goat roping and cigar races were the main events.

No public address systems had appeared on the scene and the announcer was usually some fellow with a good set of lungs or someone who rode around the arena armed with a megaphone advising the crowd who the next rider or roper was going to be.

If memory serves me correctly, some of the cowboys who competed in the early shows at Killeen were Abe Swope, Slim Brown, J. D. McBride, Austin Doolittle, and Willis Fisher. In the mid-'30s Hobb

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Shed, the Hood boys and "Doc" Lucas were usually competing. Doc was a great bull rider but was killed in Madison Square Garden later on.

As to the bucking stock in those days only a few come to mind. One of the rankest bulls around was "Handlebars." One cowboy from Dallas who had drawn him at the Centennial Rodeo there, on arriving at Killeen pulled the same name out of the hat! He was really bemoaning his luck as he drew up that loose rope. I saw Handlebars bucked out a number of times and when the whistle blew there was nobody on his back! I heard later he was found dead in the corrals at some rodeo grounds.

Two horses that always put out their best were "Tickle Toes" and "Playboy." Tickle Toes was a little blocky mare that always gave her best when the chute opened. One old ex-bronc rider told me she had been bucking twenty years, which is a pretty good record by today's standards. I believe the two horses and the bull were part of what was known as the Penitentiary String.

I am pretty sure all of these cowboys have hung up their spurs and loose ropes by now but I get a thrill out of thinking of the many performances they made. And with the new crop of riders such as Donnie Gay and Larry Mahan I am sure rodeo will always be a thrilling and entertaining sport.—Frank V. Hash, Box 136, Rogers, Texas 76569

☆ ☆ ☆

Most kids carry books to school. Bill King carried a rope. He was a personal friend of the late Will Rogers and also Sammy Garret, two of the greatest trick and fancy ropers ever. Bill's father, J. W. King, and brother Cliff were both into rodeo, so it was just natural for Bill to continue. He has roped all over—at fairs, rodeos and on exhibition. Besides trick and fancy roping he was a good steer and calf roper when he was young. He was married at this time to an Eastern woman and he was riding saddle broncs. His wife Mary put a stop to this very sudden like. She sure didn't need a crippled-up man. So Bill has stuck to his ropes ever since. He is now seventy-two years of age, resides in Kim, Colorado

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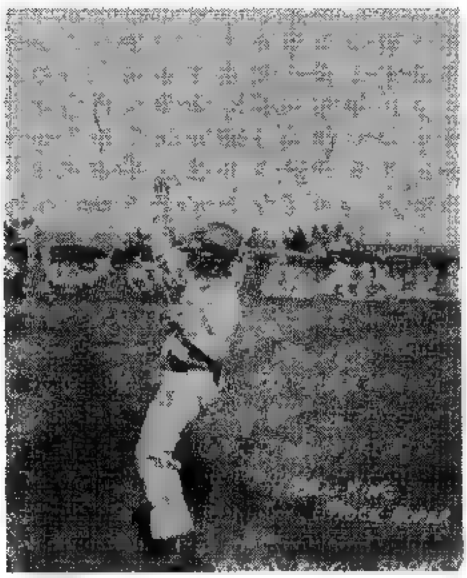

(81049) and is very active in teaching youngsters how to handle a rope. Bill lives alone near his daughter and son-in-law's ranch. They are Mr. and Mrs. Terry Howe, south of Kim. Any of you old-timers reading this drop him a line. He'll be tickled plumb pink to hear from his old friends.—Don Bell, Box 61, Byron, Wyoming 82412

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 4)

in the fields of history and travel. There are 22 chapter headings which will stimulate a novice writer. Chapter 20—More Job Opportunities for Writers of History —is an example and includes: "Public relations writing for historical groups; editing a magazine or newsletter for such organizations; ghostwriting autobiographies; planning and conducting workshops for children at museums; working for state governments in their departments of tourism; working with U. S. Government Civil Service on writing jobs; the Historic American Engineering Record; National Park Service; writing and administrative activities." For fiction writers, there is a good chapter on four types of history in fiction.

BEST RANGE BOOKS

We greatly enjoyed reading *Six Score: The 120 Best Books on the Range Cattle Industry* (Jenkins Publishing Company

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Published in Cooperation with Frontier America Corporation, $17.50) by William S. Reese. The book is dedicated to "Jeff and Martha Dykes who understand books and bookmen as few others do." We consider Old Bookaroo Jeff Dykes to be the best Western book scout in the business. The publishers deserve A Plus for the smart design and workmanship used in the makeup of this handsome book and the tribute from Reese to Jeff and Martha is well deserved. Any collector with the 120 range livestock books named by the author would own a valuable legacy and a source of hours of entertaining reading. The author names the four cornerstone books regarded by most collectors of cattle books as the foundation items for a library; Freeman's *Prose and Poetry*, Cox's *Historical and Biographical Record*, McCoy's *Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade*, and Nimmo's report on the cattle trade, called the "big four." They now would cost several thousand dollars in first editions. They were chosen because of rarity and historical significance, not because of literary merit. In fact Nimmo is loaded with dry tables and statistics appealing largely to researchers and bookworms of the trade. We were pleased that the author wants to expand the "big four" to include a few other choice books that appeal to him. He or anyone else may add or subtract from any list, as each merely represents the selections made by informed collectors whose choices may not appeal to all bookmen. We disagree with the author's choice of *The Virginian* by Wister as a suitable example of cowboy fiction. We remember recently the defense of a college professor who had said Wister added literary class to Western writing. A student disagreed by saying a book about cowboys without cattle didn't cut the mustard as cowboy literature, when the offering was a second-rate love story flavored with a lynching and some kiddish pranks at a country dance. We agree. The good professor replied that a fly-switching cow hardly had the glamour to fascinate a large reading public. We reminded the professor of *The Log of the Cowboy* by Andy Adams, several books by such masters as J. Evetts Haley and J. Frank Dobie, and hundreds of other works by dozens of other authors who have charmed readers about cattle drives, roundups and ranching for over 100 years, long before and after Wister stumbled amateurishly through *The Virginian*. Wister employed an antediluvian style and the story dragged with the speed of a travois top-heavy with buffalo meat. However, Reese's book is an excellent one for collectors who want the best items on the cattle trade.

BELOW SEA LEVELS

Death Valley (Four Winds Press, $6.95) by George Laycock gives the tourist, naturalist and geologist an overview of America's singular hell hole and hot spot. Once the private domain of miners on foot, plodding behind pack burros in search of pay dirt, the area now is available to motorists who thread it part time below sea level on black-top roads. Well watered campsites and plush motels contrast with the thirsty barren camps of the 1849ers death-trapped in the scorching valley before being rescued by William Manley and John Rogers. Scarce springs, almost barren hills and mountains, ghost towns and abandoned mines attract nearly a half million visitors who come to camp and explore the area each year. This huge playground covers about 3,000 square miles including 555 square miles lower than the ocean's surface. Hundreds of wild flowers and many desert animals have adapted themselves to various habitats within Death Valley. Bighorn sheep and a few deer survive in the higher mountains where animal feed is best. Wild burros, survivors of pack animals once used by prospectors and miners, have increased and are poaching on forage and scarce water resources needed by bighorns and deer, a tragedy unnoticed by self-styled environmentaliats. Scotty's Castle at the north end of the National Monument continues to attract numerous tourists.

MORE CUSTER!

We have another book about General Armstrong Custer. This one is by Lawrence A. Frost, author of other Custer books and formerly curator of the Monroe County Michigan Historical Museum. Entitled *General Custer's Libbie* (Superior, $19.95) the book deals largely with the life and times of the lady, her intimate life with the General and her efforts to defend him. The author's sympathies are entirely with the Custers and much of his pro-Custer praise originates from several writings by Elizabeth, who always eulogized her longhaired General whom she idolized and inspired. Frost gives quite an acceptable and believable biography of Mrs. Custer whom he described as a gracious beauty who furthered the career of her husband. Reno and Benteen do not fare too well, as is customary with Custer fans. The author glosses over some of the less favorable features of Custer's military career and disagrees with Mari Sandoz who claimed one of Black Kettle's Cheyenne women bore the General a son. An expert horsewoman, Elizabeth spent considerable time on field trips with her husband during peaceful assignments, such as in Texas and at Fort Lincoln in North Dakota where she first learned of the disaster at the Little Bighorn. The book is amply illustrated with contemporary photographs and drawings. Of the latter, there is one by Remington and a more recent one by J. K. Ralston. The volume will make some new friends for Libbie. Readers have long been divided about Custer. Some are for him and others against and Frost won't change the alliances of either group. Better paper would have helped bring out the qualities of the illustrations.

WORKING DRIFTERS

In *The Human Cougar* (Prometheus Books, $8.95) Lloyd Morain worries about the possible extinction of the working drifter who has served the Western agricultural labor market for many years. Much of the narrative comes from the mouths of Cougars who tell of their day-to-day experiences as they roam from one job to another. Here is an example of his life as related by Tom E. McAnally, a married man with a baby. "I used to drive a logging cat, set chokers, be a head loader, feed a sawmill, weld, be a truck driver, a backhoe operator, run a dragline and a scraper, a laborer, and a fruit picker. Three months once my wife and baby stayed in our car with a lean-to built off the side. I've drove and handled just about any piece of machinery there is, lately even been helping brand cattle." These men and women belong to no unions but make and follow their own decisions. Their rough exteriors cover gentle, sentimental and courageous hearts. The author has known many of these working drifters who have been employed on his California ranch.

ALASKA MINING

The Copper Spike (Alaska Northwest Publishing Co., Cloth $48.50; Paper $5.95) by Lone E. Janson tells the complete history of the Alaska copper strike that occurred at the crown of the Gulf of Alaska in the Valdez area in 1899 to 1901. The Copper River railroad was constructed to move the high grade ore from the Billum, Nicolai and Bonanza mines. The copper country is large and gold was there too. The area eventually included 200 groups and 4,000 claims. This new mining boom heated up shortly after the fires of the earlier Alaska gold rush had cooled down. Janson describes the feverish run to claim rich mineral lodes, and runs through the turbulent period of staking claims, railroad construction and mineral production, and the final breakup of both mines and railroads. Huge financial interests challenged each other for the right to build a railway from tidewater to the interior. Fifty railway companies considered routes from coastal waters to inland mineral sources. Five actually broke ground. Discovery of coal and oil in the mining belt also created new interest and excitement. The Copper River and Northwest Railroad was actually built, and carried $500 million worth of copper and gold ore to the seaport during twenty-five years of business. Numerous contemporary black and white photographs do much to animate an informative text.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION required by the Act of Congress, October 23, 1962; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code. TRUE WEST, published bimonthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 187,009; last single issue: 176,019. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 79,828; last single issue: 76,592. Average mail subscriptions during last twelve months: 28,176; last single issue 27,952. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 108,002; last single issue: 103,544. Average Free distribution during last twelve months: 500; last single issue: 500. Total distribution during last twelve months: 108,502, last single issue: 104,044. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; last single issue: 1,000. Average number returns from news agents during last twelve months: 77,507; last single issue: 70,975. Total average (net press run) during last twelve months: 187,009; last single issue: 176,019. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 24, 1976.

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Pat Fanning

Will the Pat Fanning who lived at 1827 N. Screenland Drive, Burbank, California in 1966 please get in touch with the Editor, Western Publications, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We would appreciate it very much. (And Pat, there's no bad news involved with this!)

The March
FRONTIER TIMES
. . . out January 20

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Hillhouse-MacCollum-Wise (Wize)

Robert Lee Hillhouse was born March 4, 1864 and died in December 1909. His wife, Sarah Jannie Elizabeth MacCollum, was born in 1870 and died in 1938. Both were born and lived their lives in Bartow County, Georgia but are buried in the Hillhouse family cemetery in Cherokee County, Georgia. Their son Max wed Jessie; Earl wed Ione; Luther wed Donny; Quill wed Kate—last names unknown. Their daughter Jessie married J. E. Shinall; Annie wed H. Whitley; Pearl wed Mr. Jake Butterworth; Suzie wed B. Ragsdale; Ethel married Bill Neese and Eva died when she was one year old. Eva was Ethel's twin sister.

I would also like information on Amanda Wise (Wize) who was born in and lived her life near Wise and Fannin County, Georgia. She died in the 1890s or early 1900s. She married a Mr. Cook and had the following children: Frank; Jim; Wilbur; Martha, 1886-1970, married E. F. Payne; Laurie, wed Bunyon Payne; Emma; Lizzie; and Julie. The latter three daughters all married men named Pickelsimer. Amanda was my great-grandmother and I'd like to know when she was born and what her husband's first name was.—F. L. Payne, 532 Kennesaw Drive, Smyrna, Georgia 30080

George Washington Cummings

I am seeking descendants of George Washington Cummings who lived in The Grove, Texas in 1892. In 1893 he moved by covered wagon to Sayre or Anadarko, Oklahoma. He is buried in the Carter Cemetery at Carter, Oklahoma with his wife, Mary Elizabeth Ballard Cummings, born March 29, 1865 and died June 23, 1947. Family histories and movements to different parts of the country would be welcome and I will exchange information.—Mrs. William Jay Asher, Box #414, Oxford Street, Otterbein, Indiana 47970

William Carlisle

I would like to hear from anyone who knew my grandfather, William (Will) Carlisle. He was a gambler on the Mississippi River steamboats for a while, dabbled in railroad stocks and bonds, carnivals, and located lost treasure with cards. He finally settled down in Idabell, Oklahoma in the early 1900s and possibly was also in Durant and McAlester. He was shot and killed in Oklahoma in 1920. —Ladonia Carlisle Cuppes, Route 2, Box 77, Huntsville, Arkansas 72740

Johnson

Dr. W. T. Johnson was born March 23, 1823 and died June 12, 1915. His wife, E. H. Johnson, was born April 22, 1822 and died December 20, 1885. They are both buried at Bandera County, Texas. Dr. Johnson had formerly lived and practiced in Lampasas County, Texas. He was a cousin to my grandmother, Elizabeth Van Winkle Cox, and believed to have been a brother to my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Johnson Cox. I would like to correspond with descendants or anyone who could tell me where they were born, married, about their parents and other relatives. Any information will be deeply appreciated.—Nora Cox Drennan, Rt. 2, Box 52-A, Winnsboro, Texas 75494

Hulpieu-Jelly-Tracy

I would be glad to hear from anyone having ancestors with the names Hulpieu or Jelly.

In 1967, after several years of research, my husband and I published the Tracy Genealogy, so I would love to hear from Tracys also.—Mrs. Harold W. Mullenax, P. O. Box 52563, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74152

Cornell-Watkins

I am in search of information regarding my grandfather who was born near Boling Switch in Butler County, Alabama, about 1839. His name was John Cornell and he married Martha Watkins April 7, 1859 at the home of Jess Watkins in Butler County, Alabama. The ceremony was performed by W. C. Shepherd, J. P. John Cornell died a few years later. Any information as to what became of his family or about this man or his relatives will be greatly appreciated.—Elva Cornell, 1902 Burbank, Austin, Texas 78757

W. S. Allen

My father, W. S. Allen, came to Kyle, Texas about 1875. He was paymaster and bookkeeper for the Southern Pacific Railroad. He formed a partnership with Chester Ford, had a sheep ranch and perhaps a saloon. He left Kyle about 1887. I had an autographed book written by Jefferson McLemore who wrote a poem, "Farewell to Kyle" in which he mentioned my father and Chester Ford and said my father had the saloon. In 1913 I met a man named Worden who knew my father in Kyle and he remembered him as one who helped everyone in trouble. I am seeking any information about him.—Newton G. Allen, 715 Georgia Avenue, West Palm Beach, Florida 33401

William James

I am looking for traces of my Great-grandfather William James whose middle name may have been Rufus. He was disowned because he married my great-grandmother, Lilly M. Mayfield, a half-breed. They were married in Tahlequah, Oklahoma in 1880. He drowned in 1891 when my grandfather was five years old. A lawyer visited my grandfather in the orphan's home and said he might be an heir to a James Plantation in Alabama.

If any James people out there have heard of a fellow getting kicked out of the family for marrying an Indian girl please write to me.—Emma Knowles, 25614 Oak Street, Lomita, California 90717

Harrod

I would like to hear from descendants of Andrew Harrod, born 1854, and George Harrod, born 1857, both born in Heard County, Georgia. They moved with their parents, Ruffin and Harriet Cox Harrod to Hempstead County, Arkansas in 1873.

Andrew Harrod and wife Sally and twin sons, Robert and Lona, were living in Marion, Ouachita County, Arkansas in 1900. Robert and his wife Minnie had a son, Willie, born January 1899. Robert's second wife's name was Alice Porter. They married September 30, 1916 in Howard County, Arkansas.

George Harrod and wife Ann had sons William M., born 1877 and James, born 1879, according to the 1880 census. George's address as of August 17, 1900 was Canfield, Arkansas. Both Andrew and George owned small sawmills.

John Harrod, my grandfather, born 1849, Heard County, Georgia, was the older brother of George and Andrew Harrod. John Harrod's youngest son, James F., born 1876 was a Texas Ranger with Captain John R. Hughes between the years 1900 and 1912. I will appreciate any information.—Mrs. Catherine Harrod McCarty, 2222 N. Padre Island Drive, Corpus Christi, Texas 78408

Slaton

I am seeking information on my father's family. My father's name was Enoch Suttles Slaton. Some called him Enick. He had a sister named Emma, I believe, and if this is so and she is still alive, or if any of her children see this, I would like to hear from them.

My father was part Choctaw Indian, born February 8, 1873. I am not sure of his birthplace. He married Judy Steelman in 1898 in Lamar County, Texas. She died, but left a daughter, Dovie Lee Slaton, and then he married my mother, Cassie Payton, at Avery, Texas January 11, 1919. My father died October 30, 1950 in Burnet, Texas.

I would also like to hear from any descendants of Martha and Andrew Payton. I am Cassie Payton Slaton's daughter.—Geneva Slaton Schulte, 601 N. E. 7th Avenue, Mineral Wells, Texas 76067

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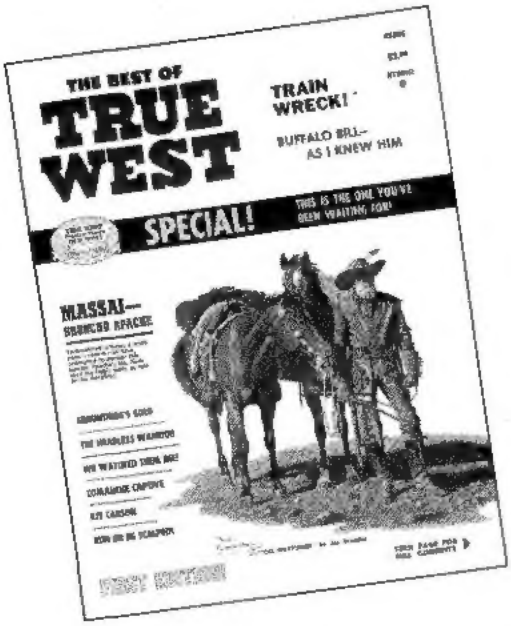

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5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
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12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
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14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
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16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
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